

# New York Saturday Journal

## A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 300.

### A LOVE SONG.

BY N. —.

Where the nightingale warbles at setting of sun,  
I wander alone with my love at my side;  
And, kissed by the shadows around gathering dusk,  
Her cheek with the tint of the blushing rose is dyed.  
CHORUS.  
And I whisper, "Sweet maiden, all blindly I grope,  
Let thine eye light my pathway, beacon of hope.  
Oh! pity a heart that in darkness doth grope;  
Be thine eye to its pathway a beacon of hope."  
On her cheek's satin surface the long lashes rest;  
And droops her proud head, like a lily the gale  
Too roughly caresses; and flutters her breast  
As the ringdove's when dangers her nestlings  
assail.  
CHORUS: And I whisper, etc.  
Now the snowy lids lifting, disclose to my sight  
Two lamps empyreal, illumed by the soul,  
Whose effulgent beams, bursting afar on the night,  
Guide my spirit in safety and peace to its goal.  
CHORUS.  
And I whisper, "Sweet maiden, no longer I grope;  
For thine eye lights my pathway, a beacon of hope.  
No longer, sweet maiden, in darkness I grope;  
For the light of thine eye is my beacon of hope."

### Vials of Wrath:

OR,

### THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-  
BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S  
FATE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

SUB ROSA.

THE moment Frank Havelstock met the  
household in the breakfast-parlor, the morning  
after Georgia's interview with her husband,  
that had resulted with such pitiful fatality,  
he saw at a first glance that the event had  
transpired—the event upon which he had  
built his plans, the event he had caused to  
transpire by his far-sighted, quiet treacherous-  
ness.

It was done, exactly as he hoped it would  
be done, although when he could not decide  
and cared less to know. All he wanted to  
know and see was known and seen by him, as  
he sauntered among the gay little party that  
was grouped in one end of the apartment.  
Ida Wynne met his low, half-confidential  
greeting with a flush of frank delight, he had  
such a way of making all women believe he  
existed but for them.

"You surely enjoyed the 'pleasant dreams' I  
wished you last night, Miss Wynne, for you  
have come from the sacred realms of slumber  
as fresh as a rose."  
His cool, critical eyes were taking in every  
detail of her fascinating toilet, from the light-  
blue knot of ribbon in her flowing hair to the  
pearl buttons in her white lawn wrapper. He  
thought what a pretty, graceful little thing  
she was; hardly enough fire in her to suit  
him, but certainly very sweet, girlish, and  
appreciative. He mentally decided that, and  
the while made a certain tender light radiate  
from his eyes; it was second nature to him to  
please women.

And Ida, with a thrill of her foolish heart,  
thought—well, wild, vague thoughts, that she  
herself scarcely understood, except that she  
was very happy, and was so glad Mr. Havel-  
stock was come to Tanglewood.

He sauntered leisurely from Ida's side, and  
exchanged greetings with the other guests,  
and then found himself at Georgia's side, look-  
ing with evilly triumphant eyes that did not  
betray themselves in her still, marble-calm  
face, that showed traces to his and her hus-  
band's notice alone, of the awful storm of  
passion she had weathered. She was pleas-  
antly, reservedly affable, as she always was—  
the quiet, polished hostess, the fair, noble, un-  
demonstrative woman. Havelstock bowed,  
then gave her his hand.

She did not hesitate to lay her own in it,  
although, as she raised her blue eyes one in-  
stant to his face, Havelstock saw a peculiar  
expression in them—a half wistful look, as if  
mutely begging his sympathy; a half re-  
proachful one, as if, all unconsciously, her fine  
womanly perception recognized him as the  
destroyer of her happiness; as if she felt as  
she touched his hand—that this was the hand that  
had driven the air into her very soul.

Havelstock understood the subtle influence  
that affected her, and he knew, as well, that  
her vague unrest would not unpleasantly  
affect him; and so he smiled, gravely, and  
with a frank, honest courtesy that seemed  
strangely acceptable to her—that added fresh  
proof to Lexington, who saw it, that Havel-  
stock was a choice friend indeed.

"You are not looking so well as I would  
wish, Mrs. Lexington. You were up too late  
last night, I fear. May I prophesy that a  
happy event to-day will restore your tem-  
porarily vanished bloom?"

She could not misunderstand him, and a  
wild, pained look leaped into her eyes; a weary,  
heart-sick expression whitened around her  
lips.

"Do not forecast for me, Frank, for there  
remains nothing now. That is all over with."  
Her wailing complaint smote him, a mo-  
ment, as he dropped her hand. Then Lexing-  
ton's clear, cheery voice dissipated his regret.  
"Come, Havelstock, you are monopolizing  
Georgia's attention entirely too much, con-  
sidering the state of our appetites. Suppose  
you give an arm to Ida, and we'll have break-  
fast?" Mrs. Lexington.

He offered her his arm with a gallantry that



She fairly leered in Ethel's pale, contemptuous face.

perfectly deceived every one who needed to  
be deceived; and even Havelstock could not  
but admire the splendid ease with which poor  
Georgia accepted the situation.

After that the days went on one very much  
as another. There were drives, boating, de-  
lightful flirtations, long days of picnicking,  
when Havelstock read Tennyson to Ida Wynne  
under the cool shadows of forest-trees; there  
were croquet and billiards, dancing and  
promenades, in all of which Lexington and  
Georgia joined, apparently on exactly the  
right terms, really drifting further and further  
apart as the golden summer went on and  
away.

Then came the greatest event of Frank  
Havelstock's life—an episode that he marveled  
at as he never had marveled before; when he  
wondered until amazement was exhausted,  
how it had happened that he, the pet of  
dozens of eligible girls, had succumbed, at  
once, hopelessly, to a poor, unknown girl, with  
a queenly air, a witching face, a pair of rarest  
bronze-brown eyes, that kindled so at his  
coming.

He had met Ethel Maryl in a very unrom-  
antic, matter-of-fact way, but her grace,  
her manner, had conquered him almost before  
some friend at the rustic croquet party had  
presented him.

Then had followed the race between him  
and young Leslie Verne, another suitor for  
the girl's hand; then had come those delicious  
three or four weeks of watching Ethel and  
learning how he swayed her with his merest  
word. And now, a month after he had been  
at Tanglewood, he had made up his mind to  
marry her—bright, peerless Ethel.

#### CHAPTER IX.

ETHEL.

A SMALL, Gothic cottage, of light lavender  
color, with closely-shut green shutters, be-  
tween whose slats occasionally shone a black,  
gloomy crepe weeper; with the wide front  
entrance closed against the joyous June sun-  
shine, and brooding over the entire homestead  
the dismal shadow of the late visitation of the  
grim reaper.

Suggestively mournful as the outward ap-  
pearance of the snug, homelike little place  
was, nearly all tokens of death's presence had  
vanished from within, especially in a large,  
airy bedroom at the head of the stairs, through  
whose partly open door one passing by could  
see Mrs. Lawrence, the six-weeks' widow,  
lolling in a wide easy chair, a novel lying on  
her lap, and on the little marble table near  
her a box of candy, with which she had  
evidently been trying to assuage her lonely  
grief.

She was faded, with just sufficient relics  
of beauty to explain the irritation of manner in  
which she always indulged when speaking of  
other days when she was younger, and fresher,  
and fairer.

It was very bitter to Mrs. Lawrence to think  
other women could fascinate where she was  
overlooked. She could not accustom herself  
to the fact that she was hollow-eyed and bony  
and scanty haired—she who, at twenty, had  
been the praise of so many lips for her perfect  
beauty.

She had lost her taste in dressing, too, and  
persisted in adorning herself in attire only  
suitable to fresh, glowing girls. She wore her  
thin hair crepe over her wrinkled forehead,  
and never omitted the long curls of false hair  
that she thought "set off her style," as they

hung limply over her sharp shoulder blades.  
She wore thin, tissue dresses, and wondered  
why she was not as graceful as Ethel Maryl  
was, in her muslin wrapper, trimmed with  
linen braid.

Ethel Maryl! how she had hated and envied  
that girl from the moment she set her eyes upon  
her, five years ago, when she came a bride to  
Mr. Lawrence's cottage—a bride of thirty,  
who, like many another pretty, vain girl, had  
refused eligible offers in their halcyon days,  
in the fond hope and certainty of something  
grander, and then, in the end, had taken up  
with what they would have scorned a few  
years earlier.

Not that John Lawrence was to be scorned;  
he was a thousand fold nobler man than she  
was a woman, and his only fault was that he  
loved her at all, the sober, staid, middle-aged  
widower, who asked Gertrude Fainham to be  
his wife, and a mother to his little adopted  
daughter, Ethel Maryl, whom he and his first  
wife had taken, in their childlessness, and  
loved as their own. Ethel's life had been one  
dream of happiness since she could remember.  
Her babyhood had been beyond her memory,  
and her earliest recollections were of herself  
and Mrs. Lawrence gathering flowers in the  
same dear old-fashioned garden, through which  
for nearly sixteen years she had walked daily.

She never had known a want, or a care,  
She had had the carefullest training, physically,  
morally, and intellectually.

Her foster-parents had given her every ad-  
vantage of education, been lavishly liberal of  
money, so far as their means permitted, dressed  
her equally with any young girl around, and  
loved her rapturously.

Under such advantageous surroundings,  
Ethel Maryl grew to be a most charming girl;  
her natural disposition found full vent, her  
dainty, high-bred temperament met ample,  
appreciative sympathy; and added to her odd,  
piquant beauty, made her a splendid woman.

She was just eighteen now; with the rare  
combination of gravity and joyous sweetness;  
of a frank, spirited, sunny disposition,  
truthful and honorable to a fault, quick to  
make friends, capable of retaining them; proud  
as a duchess, with an inbred scorn of meanness  
and smallness, and a horror of fawning depend-  
ence, that deepened and strengthened with  
every successive day of her life.

Her physical charms were in perfect accord  
with her mental and moral attributes; and  
Mrs. Lawrence's were not the only eyes that  
had been dazzled and enchanted by her rare,  
graceful beauty.

She was very slightly under woman's me-  
dium size; not enough to suggest thinness, but  
rather of a light and build that conveyed the  
idea of womanly dependence and pettiness.

She was inclined to slenderness, with ex-  
quisitely rounded limbs, and dazzlingly fair  
skin, with not the least vestige of color, except  
in her beautiful, scarlet lips.

Her eyes were intensely dark; large, of a  
hue of deepest, richest brown, with dark,  
heavy brows, and curling lashes. Then, to  
finish the portrait, precisely as an artist would  
have created the head of his ideal, was Ethel's  
hair; her splendid, surprising hair, of perfect  
golden hue. Not yellow; there was no hint of  
yellow in those long, waving tresses, but as  
vividly golden as if plunged in a bath of  
liquid sunshine.

The rare combination of dark eyes and  
golden hair, is peculiarly beautiful under any  
circumstances, but in Ethel Maryl, added to  
her other charms, it made her glorious.

And Mrs. Lawrence fairly hated her; hated

her as she stood just in front of her, her hair  
brushed carelessly off her low, full forehead,  
and tied with a narrow band of black ribbon,  
that matched in hue the muslin morning dress,  
Ethel wore.

"I suppose you know why I have sent for  
you this morning. You may as well sit down,  
for there are several subjects I wish to bring  
before you."

Ethel rolled a low carpet chair near the  
window, and leaned her elbow on the sill, her  
grave, sweet eyes bent in respectful attention  
on Mrs. Lawrence's face.

The attitude was perfection; and Mrs. Law-  
rence boiled with jealous rage, as she noted  
the small, white hand, the round wrist, and  
the gradual, symmetrical swell of the dazzling  
white arm; whiter from the contrast with the  
jet sleeve that fell away to the elbow.

"Artful mix! and she pretends she doesn't  
know how irresistible she is! A week more,  
and she never will call me like wormwood,  
again, with her high-bred ways, and her  
quiet, aristocratic independence! Let John  
Lawrence turn over in his coffin, if he wants  
to, because I shall deliberately disobey his  
dying request, to care for Ethel as he would  
have done. Let him haunt me; I'm more  
afraid of her living beauty, than any dead  
man's eyes!"

She thought it, in a vague, fierce, defiant  
way, as she watched the girl a moment, and  
then folded her hands on her book, with her  
jealous eyes riveted on Ethel's sweet, sad face,  
over which the shadow of Arael's passing  
wing had left its pitiful mark. She had dearly  
loved Mr. Lawrence, although she knew she  
was not his child.

"I presume you have been expecting to be  
summoned to me for some time, but my nerves  
have been in such a state that I have felt pos-  
itively unequal to the task. Now, however,  
I think the time has come for you to decide  
upon your plans."

Ethel looked wonderingly at her before she  
replied.

"My plans? for what, Mrs. Lawrence?"

There was such perfect guileless innocence  
in the questions, that Mrs. Lawrence could  
have struck her, it enraged her so.

"You are remarkably angelic, in your ig-  
norance; or what is much more likely, skilled  
in deceiving! You know perfectly well to  
what I refer; your plans for your future.  
What do you intend doing for a living when  
you leave this house, which, since my hus-  
band's death, is, of course, no longer a home  
for you. With your high-headed ideas, you  
won't expect me to carry on and continue any  
romantic affair of his."

Ethel sat quietly, though her heart was  
pulsing fast, and her head whirled with the  
suddenness of the position. All that Mrs.  
Lawrence could detect, was a darkening of  
the eyes, and a slight quivering, for one second,  
of the proud, sensitive mouth.

"You take me so entirely by surprise, Mrs.  
Lawrence, that I can not answer you at once.  
I never dreamed of such a thing as leaving the  
only home I ever have known, where I was  
always so happy until—"

Mrs. Lawrence caught the sentence savagely  
from her lips.

"Until I came here, you were going to say,  
I suppose. Well, there hasn't been much love  
lost between us."

Her quick, excited tones were in sharp con-  
trast to Ethel's low, refined ones.

"I would have said, Mrs. Lawrence, if you  
had not interrupted me, that I had been very  
happy here until papa died; although, as you

acknowledge, there has been no sentiment  
wasted between us."

"Papa!" sneered Mrs. Lawrence; "if you  
knew how disgustingly it sounded, when you  
are perfectly aware of the fact that he was no  
relation to you."

"He was my dearest earthly friend—a fa-  
ther in deed, word, and truth. I shall always  
speak of him as such. However, this has no  
bearing upon the subject you introduced."

"You are right. What I wish to say, once  
for all, is this:—that you have had from the  
Lawrence estate all you ever will have—and  
what you have cost, in education, in dress, in  
keeping, is a fortune in itself. Mr. Lawrence  
saw fit to make a lady of you, who may be,  
for all any one knows, the child of basest born  
people."

Ethel flushed at that—only a second, for her  
temper was as well under control as it was  
spirited.

"You display your ignorance of human  
laws when you say that, Mrs. Lawrence. You  
know I never could be the daughter of low,  
ignorant people, poor though they probably  
were, to have given me to strangers, if they  
did do so. You know I am a lady, Mrs. Law-  
rence, by instinct, by taste, by feeling."

She made her defense bravely, proudly, and  
although Mrs. Lawrence realized the girl as  
infinitely her superior, she could not resist the  
impulse to add a new thong to the scourge of  
her tormenting tongue.

"You certainly have no small estimate of  
yourself, Miss Ethel Maryl. Perhaps you con-  
sider yourself the daughter of a millionaire,  
the heiress of untold gold? Don't you really  
think now, you might, by some possibility, be  
—well, for example, Mr. Lexington's child,  
over there at Tanglewood?"

She fairly leered in Ethel's pale, contemptu-  
ous face.

"Or if you deride that modest idea, suppose  
you make up your mind to earn your unde-  
niable right and title to wealth and position by  
marrying Mr. Leslie Verne? He is crazy after  
you, they say."

"Mrs. Lawrence!" and Ethel arose quietly,  
with a self-conscious hauteur that became her  
well, as her dark, bright eyes calmly met the  
widow's restless ones. "It can be but simply a  
matter of courtesy in me, which I unhesita-  
tingly pay to my father's widow, regardless  
of the sentiments you have yourself inspired  
in me toward you, that I tell you I have no  
designs on Mr. Verne's heart. He is only a  
dear friend, and as such I suppose he will re-  
main."

"A moment longer—since I shall not re-  
sume this subject again, and since on a week  
from to-day I expect you to vacate this place  
—I will advise you, since you declare you will  
not marry Mr. Verne, that you do not refuse  
Frank Havelstock—if he asks you."

A faint anger crept in Ethel's eyes, and she  
moved toward the door.

"I am safe in obeying the dictates of my  
own judgment, I assure you. Neither Mr.  
Verne, or Mr. Havelstock will influence me in  
my decision to leave this house—not next  
week, but at once."

Mrs. Lawrence saw her leave the room,  
heard the gentle rustle of her skirts as she de-  
scended to the floor below, and smiled conten-  
tedly as she opened her novel, and helped her-  
self to a chocolate caramel.

#### CHAPTER X.

A TRUE MAN'S LOVE.

ETHEL stopped in the lower hall just long  
enough to take her little straw hat from the  
rack, which she put on over her floating hair  
as she let herself out the front entrance.

She descended the steps of the veranda,  
and went down across the smooth-shaven lawn  
toward the road, where the large rustic gates  
were closed and locked.

She unfastened them, and then once out on  
the shaded path, with the flickering shadows  
falling over her bowed head, and the fresh  
crisp grass making cool paths for her hurrying  
feet, she slackened her pace, that was the re-  
sult of her pent-up emotion, and went slowly,  
thoughtfully along, revolving over and over  
the sudden changes that had come into her  
young life.

It would be hard, in a degree, to leave the  
dear little cottage where plenty and content  
had reigned so many years—until the second  
Mrs. Lawrence came—where every article of  
furniture was like an old friend, and the big  
rose-bushes on the lawn border had grown  
with her, summer after summer.

Ethel remembered so well the day Mr. Law-  
rence had planted the pear trees, years and  
years before, and she had helped hold them  
with her wee, white hands while he shoveled  
in the rich dirt. It had been a moonlight  
night, and they three, Ethel and Mr. Lawrence  
and his wife, had laughed because they were  
sufficiently superstitious to plant them then,  
rather than in the matter-of-fact daytime.

Ethel could see the trees from where she  
was, in all their leafy panoply—tall, sturdy  
trees, with promise of a beautiful crop of lus-  
cious, golden-skinned pears—that neither of  
the three who planted them would ever again  
eat.

And, when Ethel had supposed she was as  
deep-rooted for life as they, to be thus torn  
up, and cast adrift!

A little, fleeting look of wrath crossed her  
face, then vanished, leaving her full of high,  
strong, proud self-assurance.

"I would not wish to remain on sufferance  
even in papa's house; I would not remain even  
had he bade me, and know that Mrs. Law-  
rence despised me as she does. The world is



love her with a passion that shames my boyish affection into silence."

Havelstock's face wore an expression of deepest concern.

"I wonder where the trouble lies? Lexington, if Georgia should come to you, and ask you to forgive her, and beg for your love and favor, what would you do?"

It was his feeler, this question that would further decide his plans. He put it cautiously, with the air of a man who yearned to do his friend the favor suggested.

A perfect glory leaped to Lexington's eyes.

"Can you ask me what I would do? Why, I would let her say all she would, because it would fairly intoxicate my sense to listen; and then I would take her in my arms and seal my pardon with kisses, and no one should ever come between us again."

His voice fairly trembled with eagerness. Havelstock felt a possibility, for the instant, of defeat, but he kept his ground well.

"You are the most generous man I ever knew. You love well, Lexington."

"Generous? You call an act of justice generous? You think you measure my love by an act like that? If you do, Frank, you haven't the remotest idea of how I worship my beautiful wife. Do you know, if I thought there was one chance in a thousand I'd cross that corridor to her room and go down on my knees to her and beseech her to love me?"

Lexington's splendid face was all aglow, and Havelstock had difficult work to effectually sustain his wrath, his fear.

"I admire such devotion, the woman is fortunate, indeed, who can inspire such. But, Lexington, I am sorry to feel it my duty to remind you of it; but you can hardly expect that, after years of silence, after the terrible way you wronged her regarding her first marriage, after the curt way you announced your arrival, you could hardly expect a woman of Georgia's spirit to act other than she did. She is proud enough to resent what she regards an insult; and, Lexington, for the honor of the family name, for the sake of your peace of mind, don't allow her pride to exceed yours. Resent her insult to you, humble her if ever she gives you a chance, and, my word for it, when once she finds you are not the humble suppliant at her feet, she will yield readily. Is it possible you have made woman a study and do not know this?"

Lexington smiled faintly.

"I have not made woman my study, Frank, except Georgia. I have thought, at times, perhaps it would be the true way to win her, but—"

"It is the only way. I have studied woman closely, and I venture to wager the successful end of this war between you will depend upon your generalship."

"If I thought it—if I knew it," Lexington said, slowly.

"Granted you don't know, will you tell me what you hope to gain by going on in this way? I desire greatly to see you and your wife on the right terms. I will use all my influence on both of you to bring about the desirable consummation, for your sake particularly."

He was so in earnest, so kindly interested and Lexington trusted him implicitly.

"I feel that I need advice," he went on, just a little sadly, "and you are the one to give it. I want you to answer me one question—one question, Frank, as truly as you know how, regardless of the pain the answer may give me. Will you?"

Havelstock started in half suspicious alarm. What could Lexington mean?

"You may depend upon a truthful answer from me," he said, quietly.

"It is this—only this. Honestly, Frank, do you think Georgia cares for me—or—or—is her heart buried with her former husband, Carleton Vincoy, the father of her little dead baby?"

Havelstock drew a long breath of positive relief; then, with a perfectly simulated shadow of pain on his face, averted it slightly, then, arose from his chair, and crossed the room, to the window, where he remained standing silently, with his back to his cousin.

The effect was produced precisely as Havelstock had hoped. His silence, his trying to hide his true feelings, made an impression of vague anguish on Lexington.

"Speak out, Frank; I know what you want to keep me from hearing—say it; I can stand it."

Then Havelstock turned sadly around.

"I would have given a thousand dollars had you left that question unasked. I promised my answer, and I am a man of truth, whatever pain the truth costs me. Lexington, I know Georgia has ceased to care for you. I had it from her lips not an hour ago. Do you wonder now at my advice? Oh, I dare not speak further. Let me off, Lexington, I beg."

He seemed terribly agitated, but Lexington caught his arm, imperiously.

"What is it? Probe deep, Frank; I will live to thank you yet."

His eyes fairly commanded the answer. His face was ashen, and there was a shadow of a great woe on his splendid mouth.

"She is coming to you, soon, to make false protestations of penitence and affection. I could hardly understand her, in my horror of her duplicity, but she hopes to gain some end she has in view. I think she intends to work on your weak point, your passion for her—and then, to have her revenge at length. It sickens me, Lexington, I will not speak further."

He looked so pitifully, resolutely at the man whom he had so smitten.

Lexington bowed his grand head, and staggered heavily to the nearest chair, while Havelstock's eyes gloated evilly on him.

He raised his face, presently, handsome, haggard, proud and stony, as if hewn from marble.

"I thank you for placing me where I can defend myself. I am proud, Frank, and I shall not forget you reminded me of it. Let her come, I will meet her as she deserves. Will you go to your room now, and dress? There are some young people here who would be happy to have you join them at croquet, at five o'clock. I want to be alone, Frank, to accustom myself to regard Georgia as the false, designing creature I had learned her to be, from your lips, that I can trust, if no one else."

And Havelstock went to his room, content with his first move.

#### CHAPTER VII. THE SCORNED SACRIFICE.

THAT day at dinner, Havelstock was introduced to the guests at Tanglewood, by Mr. Lexington, making, as he fully intended to make, a favorable impression on every one of them, and being himself particularly pleased with Ida Wynne, whose arch, merry eyes met his at the first glance, with a word of wonderment in their depths.

He was tenfold handsomer than his picture; and she noticed at the very first look she gave

him, how perfectly he was dressed, how courteous and unobtrusive his elegant manner was; and, with a half shy glance at Georgia, thought the chances had increased, that, possibly, this was her fate.

Not that she was unwomanly, or reckless in her unbounded admiration of the man whose Spanish eyes had haunted her in his picture, ever since she and the other girls had seen it in the album; only, she was an impressive, ardent, heart-whole girl, and Frank Havelstock, with her prejudices in his favor, beforehand, was a shrewd, gallant, lady's man, who had learned to perfection, his art of captivating hearts.

They were a merry party that played croquet, or danced in the parlor, or promenade in the park, that sweet summer night. Mr. Lexington was in a new mood, since his interview with Frank, and he had come down to dinner, firmly decided as to the course he intended to pursue. And that was, not to let Georgia imagine, for a moment longer, that the refusal of her love had power to make him miserable. So he laughed and talked, now with one, now with another; he played chess with Mrs. Hammond for his partner, turned the pages while Miss Reynolds played an opera, and then, when Ida Wynne declared Mr. Havelstock should give them the music for a redowa, he went over to Georgia, who was quietly chatting with Mr. Hammond, and asked her to dance with him, with as much elaborate, hollow-hearted politeness as the stranger of half an hour's acquaintance would have solicited the honor.

A second of dizzy, rapturous delight, when her eyes glanced timidly in his, that were simply raised in courteous expectation, and Georgia gave him her hand, warm, trembling.

He felt the slight thrill in her fingers, as his hand closed lightly, indifferently, over them; he noticed the dainty shrinking, for a second, of her form as his arm touched her waist, and he thought, bitterly, what a deep woman she was, thus to preface her later dramatic performances with these little touches that she intended, doubtless, should strengthen her position.

While Georgia, trembling with ecstasy, excused him for not pressing her hand, or resting his arm more familiarly around her waist, because she had been so cruel, so cruel to him. It was right that she should sue to him, as he had promised herself to do, on the morrow.

So the night went on, every hour of which was further separating the husband and wife; every moment of which was bringing pinker flushes of happiness to Ida Wynne's cheeks as she met the undisguised admiration in Havelstock's eyes. At eleven, the little party broke and Havelstock bade Ida "good-night, and pleasant dreams of—" in such a way that her foolish, girlish heart bounded for an hour after she had gone to her room.

Every one had gone up-stairs but Georgia, and she, in the rush of her thoughts, was waiting to stand on the gleaming marble balcony, feeling that sleep would never visit her that night.

She had looked wondrously fair that evening—she was saintly now, in the bright moonlight that fell, in one unbroken sheet of silver radiance, the full length of the piazza.

Her dress was of black—a silken tissue, of thick, heavy threads, that were lustrous and rich in texture. At the wide sleeves that fell back from the beautiful arm, were ruchings of snow-white blonde; at the neck, that was cut a trifle low in front, another filmy quilling, beneath which was a heavy golden chain of long, massive links, from which depended a large cross of diamonds—that matched the small crosses in her ears. Narrow gold bracelets clasped her arms; a wide, gold-colored sash was artistically draped from her waist; and in her splendid hair nestled a tiny blue lace bow, pinned fast to the lustrous braids by a round, button-like hair-pin of gold.

She had looked well, and she had wondered, more than once, if Theo had thought so. Now, he had gone to his room, and she—she was waiting for the morrow with an impatient eagerness that lent a strange, love-lit glory to her blue eyes.

She walked slowly to the furthest end of the long piazza, her hands clasped before her, her head drooped on her breast. She passed the barred windows of the silent, darkened parlors, and then, just as she came abreast the open door, Mr. Lexington stepped out. He retreated a step in surprise, then laughed.

"I had no idea I should see any one. It is so warm, and I am not used to such early hours."

How grand he was! How sweet a charm he lent the simplest words he uttered! Georgia stood where she was, listening to his voice, almost hungrily.

"We have become accustomed to so little dissipation at Tanglewood that eleven seems late. But I was indisposed to sleep to-night."

She looked at him, shyly, as she said it.

"I hope you are not ill, Mrs. Lexington."

He said it with an elaborate courtesy that would have chilled her had her own heart been less ardent.

"I am not ill, Mr. Lexington; I am only—only—"

She had almost made her confession, then, paused, with a sudden shiver of doubting fear. Should she dare shed what she shouldn't tell him, now—here—in the soft moonlight—in the silence of the summer night, whose influences might be so favorable?

A wild thrill of her passionate, yearning heart; a catching of her breath, and then—then—she cast the die that settled her fate!

"Theo!"

She uttered his name for the first time since his return; her voice was tremulously sweet, with a shy timidity in its low tones, blended with tenderest entreaty. Her fair face was turned to his own, and he saw a lovely, yet proud, imperiousness on its perfect features. A gust of sharp pain crossed his own face, so white and impassive in the moonlight; a heart-pang accompanied it, as he thought how fair and yet how false she was. The soft tones of her voice lingered almost pitifully on his ears; the only answer he gave was a slight inclination of his head, then a straight, steady look at her marvelously lovely face, with the thought how true a friend Frank Havelstock was always proving himself to be!

Georgia crossed the short distance that separated them, and laid her hand on his—her warm, vitalizing touch thrilling him from head to foot.

A sudden luminous light of passionate love beamed on her face so plainly that it heralded her words. He saw it, and above the stern, sharp discipline of himself, there leaped into his eyes such a heart-lungry, weary pain that Georgia told herself she might unbare her very soul to him.

"Theo! Theo! I have been so wicked, and I am so sorry! I come to you, in such penitence, to ask you to forgive me and take me home to your heart! Oh, my husband, if you knew of all the pride I have conquered to take this step! If you dreamed, only, of how I love you, more, infinitely more this moment than even in our happiest days."

She was standing closely beside him now, her yearning eyes meeting his in an eloquence of passionate beseeching; her red lips parted, through which the tide of words had flowed; her fair white throat beating, her breast heaving with the agitation of the moment.

"Georgia—"

All he said was the one word, her name, but the tone struck the deathliest chill to her heart. Was it among the possibilities that he would deny her? The thought agonized her—this woman, who had endured silently for years and years; this woman to whom her husband's love was her very existence, late as the revelation had come.

She suddenly released her hold of his hand, and, with a low, piteous cry, slid down on her knees at his feet, her glorious head bowed on her bosom, her hands clasped in mute humility.

"See—see, Theo Lexington, how I, your injured wife, humble myself before you, craving the love I never should ask for! I tell you I am suffering in spirit because I was so cruel to you—I tell you I am repentant—when I tell you—oh, Theo! I love you! I love you so I can think of nothing else! I would die here, at your feet, to give you a moment's happiness! Won't you take me back again, and let us begin a new, blessed life?"

Lexington stood like a statue while she spoke, while she poured at his feet the libation of her woman's love. His eyes took in her rare beauty, his heart throbbed in answer to all she had said. He could barely restrain himself; it demanded the strongest power of self-control he ever had combated with, to refuse himself the bliss of taking her in his arms for once, forever, nevermore to be parted.

But, Frank Havelstock had predicted this; Frank, in his purely disinterested kindness, had shown him the way to walk to avoid being made a silly dupe of by the woman to whom he had humbled himself, and been spurned.

The memory of that scene would have faded forever in the glory of Georgia's eyes had not he been so sure of Georgia's acting, in this instance—in such perfect, accordant harmony with what Frank had led him to expect.

So, with an overbrimming chalice of happiness presented to his panting lips by Georgia's own hand, he turned away, in quiet, proud refusal.

"You do right to sue for my pardon, and I accord it freely, fully. Rise, Georgia, I beg. The floor is chilly."

Georgia heard his reply in a strange, vague trance of amazed horror and despair.

Had he really spurned her—her?

She arose, quivering with excitement; her eyes dilated in bewildered anguish, her hands clenched in bodily pain; from her face all its beautiful enthusiasm had faded, leaving her pallid to ghastliness.

"You—you refuse—me?"

She gasped the words as if the full force of his conduct could hardly be believed.

"As you rejected me, I reject you. You have asked my pardon for spurning me this morning; you say nothing of your penitence for the treachery that, years ago, you committed. You need not rave of love—that is dead and buried—a grave is between us of a verity. Not the grave of Carleton Vincoy's child—but the tomb of slaughtered affection."

Her head was proudly erect now; her nostrils faintly quivered in the heat of her wounded pride, her mortified womanhood. When she retorted, it was in a voice so feebly clear and composed as to startle him, for the instant, by its contrast to her previous emotion.

"I never shall forget this insult, never. You are right; there is a grave between us, and each of us will live and die on opposite sides. But remember—remember, Mr. Lexington, it is all over between us forever. When you repent of this hour—and repent you will—may a hundredfold of my anguish overwhelm you, and may you know what I know this moment—the despair of a broken heart!"

She tottered away, leaning on every chair or pillar she passed, until she gained the hall, and went wearily to her room.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

#### Pacific Pete, The Prince of the Revolver.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-STONE JACK," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XII. A LITTLE GAME OF "DRAW."

ABOUT noon, on that same day, Old Business declared his intention of paying Windy Gap a visit. Both Pike and Mark sought to dissuade him, declaring that it would be worse than folly to obtrude himself upon the notice of their enemies. We have seen how consistent Mark was; but then he had an unusually fair excuse for contradicting himself.

"You fellows don't look at the thing in a judgmental light," quoth Old Business, quietly. "Who knows anything about our doings, last night? Nobody 'cept the ones we licked in the first place—an' you kin bet they won't squeal on themselves—an' the pardners o' the boy I wiped out. They might git me lynched, fer revenge, but in doin' it they'd lose all chance o' sharin' in my 'pocket'—so you see 'tain't no great risk I run, a'ter all."

Whether he really placed faith in this rather dubious safeguard or not, Old Business entered Windy Gap with the careless ease of one who has nothing to fear. If he noticed the gaunt figure of Hank Hurley shadowing him, he made no sign.

What his object was in entering the town, can only be surmised. He stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel and took a drink at the bar, leisurely surveying the half a dozen customers who were lazily lounging around the rusty, cold stove, discussing the opening night at the Golden Horn. Neither the subject nor the talkers appeared to have any interest for the old hunter, and paying for his drink, he strolled down the crooked street.

After a rapid but close scrutiny of Pacific Pete's building—now closed, even to the heavy wooden shutters—Old Business entered the Hole in the Wall. Apparently the Sabbath day never crossed that threshold. Though undoubtedly it was a day of rejoicing for "Orleans Jess"—the dark, quadron looking keeper—it certainly was not one of rest. Not only the sports of Windy Gap, but many miners from claims for miles around, congregated here every Sabbath day, to enjoy a "drunk," and to do battle over their week's earnings across the poker-table.

The sweet-scented crowd I've struck sense I tended church in St. Louey," approvingly remarked Old Business, taking a leisurely survey of the assembly. "Gentlemen, this is me—Old Business in a minute, you bet! The purp who's jest struck it richer 'n any other whelp in ten counties! Step up an'

nominate your pizon. I b'long to the church, but I'm goin' to git drunker 'n a billed owl this deal, you kin jest go your pile on that!"

Many a more polished address has been delivered, but certainly none more successful than this. As one man the crowd advanced, the majority caring only for getting a free drink, but a few interchanged rapid but intelligible glances, as the ragged hunter drew forth a heavy pouch of golden nuggets and "beans," bidding Orleans Jess help himself.

"You're new to these parts, I reckon, stranger?" observed Vinegar Sol, a tall, sharp-faced man in a rakish hat and flashy suit of plaid.

"Not edactly. I was here when Dick's Pocket was first struck. I lost sight of a pard, an' tuck in this run, thinkin' mebbe he'd followed the big rush. His name in the States was Dick Austin—a tall, fine-lookin' critter—you'd take 'im fer a gospel-slinger at first sight, he was so ligious."

"There has been no reward offered for information concerning his whereabouts, I dare say," half inquired a little red-faced man—the same whom the reader may have remarked on the occasion rendered memorable by the "little argument" between Pacific Pete and Big Tom Noxon.

"Not that I knows on, but—" and Old Business produced from the depths of his rags a nugget of almost virgin gold, nearly the size of a hen's egg. "You see this? Waal, I'll give that to the critter who kin tell me anythin' sartin 'bout my man."

"I claim the reward, then," eagerly cried the "bummer," his eyes sparkling. "You spoke of Dick's Pocket a moment since. Well, your friend was the discoverer—"

"You don't mean—"

"But I do. Gospel Dick we all called him, because he was never seen without a Bible—and he delivered some excellent sermons, too. Then he was robbed and lost his mind—became a lunatic, in fact, and roamed far and wide, searching for the man who had murdered him (that's just the way he expressed it) and stolen his gold. You know how he discovered the 'big pocket'—but he was dead when found. Very likely he never knew that he was dying upon a bed of almost solid gold."

"But the proof—how kin I tell that this is my pard?"

"I knew him before his injury—I saw him before he was buried, and was allowed to keep this key-check as a memorial of my departed friend," replied the "bummer," handing Old Business a small, silver check, bearing the name, "J. R. AUSTIN," then adding: "My name is Horace Walpole Dobbs. You can ask any of these gentlemen as to my veracity. They all know me."

"You kin trust him in anythin', stranger, 'cept whar whisky is consarned," testified Orleans Jess.

Old Business passed the nugget over to Horace Walpole Dobbs, without a word. There was a grave shade upon his usually rollicking face that evidenced how keenly the information had touched him. The miners and "sports" noticed this fact, and with a consideration scarcely to be expected, returned to their respective tables and resumed their play.

But the old hunter was not one to long remain bowed down, and his face soon resumed its wonted look of reckless good-nature, as he strolled around the poker-tables, now commenting upon a hand—of course after the deal was over—and interspersing his remarks with queer expressions that caused all anger at his criticisms to vanish before a hearty laugh, now watching the game in silence.

"You 'pear to be pritty well posted on the pasteboreds, old man," at length remarked Vinegar Sol, who, by-the-by, had been playing a miserable hand ever since Old Business came in. "Ef you're good on the draw as you air on the talk, I reckon you'd be a tough cuss at poker. Yit I don't mind tryin' ye a turn or two, jest to pass the time."

Young man, look whar ye gwine," responded Old Business, with a ludicrous nasal twang. "The trail afore ye is crookeder 'n the horns o' a ten-year-old ram, an' kivered all 'long with sand burrs, nettles, prickly p'ars, an' pizon tarantulers o' 'tarnal deal—a-waitin' to ketch you by the heel an' tote you down to the kitchen whar fire an' brimstone is plentier nor crawlin' critters on a Ute buck. 'Pent, sinner, 'pent—'pent afore the devil 'calls' ye, fer then it'll be too late. You never ketch him holdin' less 'n four aces, wif hafe a dozen more safe in the crook o' his tail, ready in case you ring in a 'Arkansaw deck' on 'im. Whar's the use in buckin' ag'inst a critter as is alays shore to overdraw yef? Ye boun't to lose—an' what then? Oh! you pore mizzable sinner—you blind, two-legged shoe o' moral raggedness which don't got no more sense than to keep a-rootin' 'long the trail which leads down to never come back ag'in—look on this picter, an' then ax me ag'in to jine you. You boun't to lose—what then? What does the good book say? Don't say the devil 'll jump your claim? Jest think how ye'll feel down thar—you settin' on a sharp-p'inted stone which is white hot, a-eatin' 'n' bilin' brimstone with a red-hot scoop-shovel, while the boss devil stan's over ye, 'casionally stirrin' ye up wif his forty-tined pitchfork! How's that fer high, anyhow?"

"Ef you wasn't so powerful ugly, durned if I wouldn't bet big money on your being a woman, your tongue runs so pesky nimble," retorted Vinegar Sol. "But what say? You ain't afraid to take a little turn at 'draw'?"

"Me afraid? You don't know me, boss—"

"I'm little old lightnin' on the draw—I'm sure to bust every critter I play with. Can't help it the 'keards will run that-a-way, anyhow. It's good enough for me, but, somehow, t'other fellows don't like it so well. That makes hard feelin's, ye see."

"What a ferly wins in these parts I reckon he's fairly 'titled to," grinned Vinegar Sol. "Ef we win, good enough; but ef we lose we ain't the boys to squeal—not much!"

"You're the kind I like to meet, pard—but you'll play kinder light at first, won't ye? Don't run the old man too hard!" quietly said Old Business, taking a seat at the table on the side opposite the door.

A four-handed party was quickly made up, and the bystanders interchanged smiles of keen amusement as the game opened. Vinegar Sol, Keno Dan and Billy Breeze had, for years, divided the honors of being the "boss poker players" in the Valley Mines. Yet, as the

Either Old Business possessed a power of manipulating the cards little short of marvelous, or else, as he said, he was a prime favorite of fortune. Though in reality it was a match of three players against one, the pile of gold lying before the old man seemed never to shrink beneath its first dimensions, while it was often more than double its first value. The bystanders were enthusiastic. Never before had they witnessed such a perfect exposition of the beauties of "draw." But the game

was to end without either party gaining a decisive victory.

A quick, firm tread at the door drew all eyes in that direction, and the crowd silently made way before the bar. The new-comer was Pacific Pete, and his white, hard-set face, his glittering eyes and compressed lips, betokened a dangerous mood. He took a quick survey of the crowd, then, in a sharp voice, ordered, rather than requested them to join him.

Pacific Pete was not a man to be lightly refused at any time, much less now, when he was already "boiling over," as the expression runs. He had just come down from the hills, where Mark Austin had so coolly bluffed him.

At the entrance Old Business looked up, then pulled the shabby hat further over his eyes, and, when his comrades arose in haste he was still quietly running over his cards.

"You heard me invite all hands?" sharply added Pacific Pete.

"I pass, pard," quietly replied Old Business, never raising his head. "I b'long to the church—can't drink on Sunday."

"And yet you play poker—what're you giving us, old man? Come, be sociable; you'd better join us."

There was a sharp, metallic ring in his voice, that made the crowd instinctively draw aside, leaving a clear space between the two.

"Thank ye, kindly, fri'nd, but I ain't on it to-night."

"I think you'd better join us!" and a double click accompanied the words, as Pacific Pete drew a revolver.

Old Business raised his head sharply and pushed back his slouched hat. The light shone full upon his countenance, and the gamblers started as they observed the change. It was as though a mask had suddenly been torn from his face.

With a sharp cry Pacific Pete shrunk back as though he had been dealt a mortal wound. One quick leap and he left the room.

"The critter looked sick—reckon the cramps tuck 'im," quoth Old Business, calmly, as he sat shuffling the cards.

#### CHAPTER XIII. "WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?"

MARK AUSTIN'S reception by Eli Brand was anything but cordial—was, in truth, almost insulting, as he ordered Edna to her room. At any other time Mark probably would have retorted in a manner more striking than agreeable; but now, though his finger itched and his cheek flushed, he bowed politely and passed into the bar-room. In some cases the best safeguard a man has is a pretty daughter.

Mark appropriated one of the heavy, straight-backed wooden chairs, and, leaning against the dingy, smoke-stained wall, lighted his pipe. Thirsty mortals passed in and out, but their coarse talk and loud voices did not disturb the young miner. A faint smile played around his lips, and a soft light filled his eyes.

That he was thinking of Edna Brand may be accepted as a fact. It was wonderful how accurately he could recall every word of their conversation together. But the words that he remembered most distinctly were these, spoken just before they entered Windy Gap: "I will be at the deadwood tree next Sunday, or, if anything prevents, I will send you a note in time."

The dingy lamps had been burning for over an hour, night had descended upon Windy Gap when Mark Austin was aroused from his reverie by the sound of his name.

Glancing quickly up he saw a gigantic figure leaning across the bar, in conversation with the keeper. As the latter nodded across the room the giant turned quickly, and Mark Austin recognized the huge negro who had acted as doorkeeper at the Horn of Plenty.

"Your name Massa Mark Austin, sah?" asked the negro, as he stepped forward, respectfully uncovering his round, bullet head.

"That's my name—yes. What's wanted?"

"Dis yer letter meant for you, sah. You was to please read it 'mejetately, missee say."

With these words, which sent the hot blood leaping into the young miner's face, the negro produced a tiny note, carefully enveloped in a bit of white silk.

Mark gazed curiously upon the inscription, written in a delicate running hand, the paper exhaling a subtle, delicious perfume. The name was his, and, satisfied at length that there was no mistake, Mark broke the seal.

"MARK AUSTIN, ESQ.—"

"Dear Sir:—Please suspend judgment until you hear my reasons for thus addressing you—almost an entire stranger. Believe me, they will prove a sufficient excuse."

"Will you kindly grant me a brief interview? I cannot rest until I set myself right in your estimation



graceful figure clad in somber black—and then strong hands closed upon the brush shanty, tearing it apart, flinging the poles, the brush in a pile into which several blazing torches were thrust.

Such was the scene that met the startled gaze of Old Business as he paused upon the hill crest.

"The devil's to pay now, shore enough!" he muttered, a shade of indecision settling upon his brow. "There's Windy Gapers—I kin make out Pacific Pete an' that Eli Brand, as he calls hisself. They're jest more'n red-hot—what in thunder kin be up, anyhow! They mean business—these the plain, an' I reckon it's jest as well we wasn't none o' us to home when they called. Shouldn't wonder of they was mean enough to rake up that little muss't other night, though we only fit in self-defense. Hal'thar goes that pesky Brand—what's he tryin' to git through 'im, anyway?"

Eli Brand had sprung upon a convenient boulder, and in a loud voice commanded attention. The wild tumult was in a measure quelled, and the rough crowd gathered around as though eager to hear the promised speech.

"Gentlemen—one word with you. Some of you asked for proof. That was well enough. It is always best to be sure we are right, in such cases. Look around you—is there not proof enough before your eyes? These men were here this morning—where are they now? Gone—ay! and in such haste that they have left their tools behind them! That is proof enough to convict a thousand, I can—"

"Like the devil—I don't know what you're talkin' 'bout, Eli Brand—sence that's the name you go by jest now—but I know you're tellin' a dog-gone double an' twisted lie!"

Eli Brand stared in open-mouthed amazement at this unceremonious interruption, and despite his being surrounded by a strong force of friends, he visibly quailed as he recognized in the audacious speaker, Old Business.

The old hunter had rapidly descended the hillside, and passed within two-score yards of the excited crowd. Leaning carelessly against a boulder that guarded all save his head and shoulders, his rifle resting before him, ready for instant use, Old Business gazed placidly down upon the mob of Windy Gapers. The glow of the bonfire clearly revealed him to the angry eyes below, and a wild yell of execration followed his recognition.

"Kill him—cut his heart out—put him in the fire an' roast 'im ontel he fesses!"

Such were a few of the fierce exclamations that followed the characteristic speech of Old Business, but he never flinched before the storm, nor even seemed to notice it, except by loosening a revolver.

"Easy, thar, boys—kinder easy! 'Taint healthy to git so awful red-hot—ye're bound to ketch cold afterwards. You little cuss in the ragged shirt—drap that weepin'! Don't ye got no manners a-tall! D'y' want me to plug ye?"

Old Business flung forward his rifle, and it seemed as though a tragedy must inevitably follow. Doubtless such would have been the case only for the prompt interference of Pacific Pete, who boldly sprung between the leveled weapons before either could be discharged.

"Stand back, Barton—and you, old man, if you really value your life, you will be a little less hasty. Please remember that we hold the winning hand just now, and govern yourself accordingly. You understand?"

"I've heard you talk afore to-day, laddy-buck. I hold better keards than you think, mebbe. But go on with your camp-meetin'. Let's hear what all this rumpus is about, anyhow; time enough for our little game afterwards."

"You really pretend not to know what we are after here?" cried Pacific Pete, and if his surprise was not genuine, it proved him an admirable actor.

"I ain't one o' the pretendin' sort. Old Business is my name, an' business is my nature, too, chuck up; you hear me talk! 'F I knowed what you war 'after, I wouldn't ax. You're tryin' some sort o' skin-game, but that's all I do know."

"What have you done with Miss Edna Brand—where have you hidden her? you and your comrades in crime!" sharply cried Pacific Pete.

For a moment Old Business stood like one petrified, his mouth and eyes wide open. He could scarce believe his ears. Like many a better organized court, the mob of Windy Gapers misinterpreted his surprise, and believed it conscious guilt. Again their wild yell filled the air, sounding along the valleys, reverberating from point to point—the deadly, merciless cry for blood.

"Yelp on, ye 'arnal screech-owls o' perdition—ye two-legged, bob-tailed curs o' the free-lunch route—squell on untel ye split your muzzles an' busts yer b'ilers! It's only one man you're skygulating at, but he's a whale on crutches—he's a two-legged pepper-box; one smell at 'im, and you'll sneeze tel' you blow your brains out! Them's me—little Old Business in a minnit—yo bet!"

"Mount 'im! why don't ye jist climb him?" yelled Barton, a little, ragged miner, whose courage decidedly shamed that of some of his larger comrades, only Pacific Pete held his revolver hand firmly.

"Mount me—ye o'ntamed mule o' the Rockies, the savortin' jackrabbits, the green-tailed squagees, who was fooled by a birthquake, an' sired by old Harry Cane, hisself! Whar's the man so owdacious, the two men, the half dozen or more two-legged bedbugs as dar' tempt to ride me?"

"The galoot is clean gone crazy!" cried one of the crowd, disgustedly.

"Pent, sinner, 'pent!" twanged forth Old Business, who, though, still holding himself in readiness to play the part of a man, if worst came to worst, knew full well that the first shot or blow dealt, would undoubtedly prove his death-warrant. "Pent, sinners, 'pent! You's gwine on the lightning 'spress to the devil, whar they feed ye on bl'in' brimstone with scoop-shovels. Now's your chance; this is the 'pepped time. You, Hank Hurley, drap that; drap it, I tell ye, or I'll send ye bug-huntin'!"

"Hold! Peace, Isay; I command it!" screamed Pacific Pete, leaping upon a boulder, and drawing a revolver. "I'm running this institution just now, and I tell you, the first man that burns a grain of powder, or strikes a blow untel I give the word, had better say his prayers beforehand, for I'll kill him, if it's the last act of my life!"

"Good enough, boss. I didn't think you'd go back on a old pard, when the pinch kem, no, I didn't," coolly observed Old Business, with a broad grin.

"My advice to you, old man, is to put a bridle on your tongue, and not bray so loud. It's bad for the health—just now in particular. You understand me?"

"I thought, banty, if you'd speak plainer. I reckon you've got me a little mixed up 'ith some other feller. I'm a powerful exhorter, when my bolters is fresh lied up, an' when I come to 'late my 'speri'nce—that's whar I

makes the wool fly. 'Fr instance; fifteen y'ar ago, more or less, in Saint Louey—"

"Enough; drop that nonsense, or by all that's good! I'll give the word to tear the chattering tongue from your jaws! We haven't come here for idle talk; we mean business. Come down here and answer our questions. If you can prove your innocence, you shall not be harmed—I give you my word of honor."

"Stake's too big for the security, boss," chuckled Old Business, with an audacity that made Big Tom Noxon stare aghast. "F it's all the same to the honorable company, this coon 'll keep his posish, jest whar he is. Now, go on with your rat-killin'."

"You'll not gain anything by being insolent, let me tell you, old man. But have your way. We can reach you as easily where you are, if need be. Eli Brand, state your case." Brand stepped forward, and some of the men flung fresh brushwood upon the fire, so that the bright glow plainly revealed the peculiar scene.

"I accuse this man, and his confederates—Mark Austin, and Lefe Pike—of abducting my daughter, Edna Brand!" distinctly uttered the man, and a sudden roar of angry vengeance came from the crowd, deadly and vindictive enough to have covered many a bold heart; but Old Business didn't change countenance, as he replied:

"Eli Brand, you kin wuss than you did in the year '50, when Gospel Dick was found. But go on. Let's hear the rest on it; then I'll speak."

"Frank Hurley is my witness," muttered Brand, in a hoarse, strained voice, as he slunk back from the fire.

"Speak up, man, and tell what you know about it," sharply cried Pacific Pete, as the dark-browed ruffian advanced.

"It's short an' sweet, boss. Hellow, Black Jack, whar'd you come from?" he cried, as that worthy put in an appearance, having, like Old Business, been attracted thither by the tumult. "But I was sayin', this evenin', I was out takin' a walk for my health. Fact is, I'd bin drunk—er'n a b'iled owl, the night afore—"

"Stick to the text; cut it short, friend," cried Pacific Pete.

"Edsactly. I was walkin' on the hill, north o' town, when I sighted the lady, Miss Brand. At that minnit, when I was lookin' at her, three ornary galoots leaped out o' the bresh an' corraled her. I giv' a yell, an' made for 'em, but like a fool, I'd left my weepins at the shanty, while they was well heeled. They burned some powder; sp'iled my hat, hyar, any how; an' knowin' they over-held me, I cut for town, a'ter help."

"You say I was with 'em, smarty?"

"Yes; you an' Gentleman Mark, an' Long Pike. I kin take my Bible oath on it!" declared Hurley.

"Bout what time was this?"

"Just afore sundown. But I didn't come hyar to answer your questions, old snoozer!"

"I reckon you've answered enough. You kin squint down, pritty. You, Black Jack, stand up thar; you're my witness. Stand up thar, unless you want some more jim-jams. Now, you tell these gentlemen that we three men, as you accuse o' gal-stealin', was right thar in that shanty, ontel full sunset. You know it. You was watchin' us from the top o' that rock yonder. Speak out."

"Tis a darned lie; I wasn't!" muttered Black Jack. "But s'posin' I was! you killed Devil's Frank, anyhow, an' right hyar's whar you planted his karkidge!"

This fierce announcement was the last straw. The mob burst all bonds, then. Yelling, and screaming, they made a mad rush toward Old Business. But he was no less quick. Crack, crack! his revolver quickly followed the report of his rifle, and Black Jack uttered a horrible yell of agony as he fell back, shot, dead, and beside him quivered Hank Hurley, the fore-swarn witness, a bullet through his heart.

With a taunting laugh, Old Business fled up the hill, closely followed by the yelling, infuriated mob, whose pistols popped at every step.

CHAPTER XVII.  
A RACE FOR HIGH STAKES.

"Now, legs, do your duty; them fellers mean business, yo bet!"

These words broke almost unconsciously from the lips of Old Business, as he momentarily paused upon the crest of the hill, and glanced keenly back toward Dick's Pocket.

The blazing brush-heap cast its lurid light over the scene. Over the picturesque rocks and crags, over the two blood-stained bodies lying there so still and motionless, their painful distorted features rendered doubly repulsive by the flickering shadows, and ruddy glow of the firelight. Over the swarm of yelling, cursing, infuriated men, as they scramble up the steep hillside, their progress marked by the quick puffs of flame-tinted smoke. And the sharp reports of firearms rattle and reverberate through the hills.

One man fleeing from full two score; one man fighting for life and liberty; two score men thirsting for his blood.

Truly, it is a race for high stakes.

In that swift, backward glance, Old Business read enough for his purpose. He laughed half scornfully, as a bullet whistled past his ear, with that peculiar ragged hum imparted to a bit of soft lead when forced through a deep-grooved bore. Knowing right well, how very few are the men capable of shooting by moonlight, even at a stationary target, he felt little fear of being picked off, unless by a chance shot. Fleetness of foot, skillful doubling and dodging must decide the race.

Despite the odds against him, Old Business was perfectly cool and collected. No man knew better than he how essential it was for him to "keep his head"—to take advantage of every point, to decide on the instant and execute promptly.

After that one rapid but comprehensive glance, the fugitive turned abruptly to the right, running lightly down the ridge, dodging round boulders and trees, leaping over holes and bushes, running in silence, with an ease and smoothness, as it were, vastly different from the yelling, panting mob behind him.

He followed the ridge for quite half a mile. His pursuers were by this time pretty well strung out in his rear, though several were close at his heels. Since making that abrupt turn Old Business had headed direct for Windy Gap, but he smiled grimly as he read aright the exultant yells of his pursuers. He had no intention of running into a trap—not he.

Putting on a spurt, Old Business darted ahead at a terrific rate, descending the slight slope at breakneck speed. This slope, together with a corresponding rise, near a hundred yards beyond, had given the ridge its name, "Swayback."

When he reached the lowest point of the depression, Old Business sprang rapidly aside and prostrated himself beneath a clump of bushes, trusting to remain unobserved in the deep shadow.

One after another his pursuers came dashing down the slope, their worst passions fully

aroused by the protracted race. "One by one they passed by the covert of the panting fugitive and darted up the incline, doubtless fancying some of the fantastic shadows beyond was their anticipated victim, instead of the weird creations of the moonlight shimmering through the redwood and cedar trees.

"Go it, ye sinners," muttered Old Business. "A look at the back is the best part o' s'ech ornary critters as you—glory to Moses! s'weet Cornelle!"

A man, who was descending the slope with more speed than prudence, lost control of himself, and "left his feet," in more than one sense, when nearly opposite the clump of bushes behind which the old hunter lay.

Tripping, he plunged heavily forward, much as a diver takes a "header," and crashed through the clump of bushes, alighting fairly on the back of Old Business. Two of the miners who had been close behind the unfortunate yelled out something as they passed by, but did not stop, evidently fearing to lose time, lest they should also lose the chance of being in at the death.

For a moment or two Old Business was confused and half-stunned. The blundering miner had fallen heavily upon him, driving his head forward into the soft earth, filling both eyes and mouth. Rebounding, the miner had rolled off several feet, and was now trying to yell, curse and regain his breath at one and the same time.

The curious combination of sounds, more than ought else, restored Old Business' cool decision. Fearing that some of the straggling pursuers would pause to investigate the cause of the uproar, he scrambled forward and knelt astride the kicking, squirming figure, clutching his neck with both hands, his sinewy fingers abruptly checking the spluttering yells and curses.

"Shet up, ye pesky reptile!" grieved Old Business, retaining his seat despite the convulsive kickings and struggles of the blundering miner. "Don't ye got no more manners than to make s'ech a dog-gone owdacious rumpus 'bout nothin'? D'y' want to 'arm the kin'try—bring out the fire-engines an' wake up the p'lice? Shet up—I'll squeeze ye into the middle o' next week! Ye won't, eh? I reckon ye'd better—yas, I do so!"

Old Business compressed his fingers with all his power, and lay motionless as a log on top of his luckless captive, for he heard more of his pursuers plunging down the hillside. It was a critical moment, but fortunately the captive was choked into submission, if not insensibility, and the heavy footed miners passed by, unsuspecting how narrowly they were missing their prey.

Old Business lost no time in dragging his prisoner back to the clump of bushes, and, when once there, relaxed his fierce grip in time to avoid murdering the man, though still in readiness to cut short any attempt at an alarm.

"It's you, is it, banty?" he muttered, peering keenly into the miner's face. "The little cuss Pacific Pete called Barton. You wanted to shoot me back thar, too, didn't ye? 'Wa'al, I've got ye now. What shall I do wi' ye? What'd ye do of you was in my place?"

"I'd blow your brains out—though that'd be too good a death for a ornary gal-stealer like you," growled little Barton, whose courage was by no means to be measured by his body.

"Jest so—of I was that critter. But it ain't, pard—no. I ain't got so low, quite. You needn't b'lieve me—I don't s'pose ye would, even if I was to swar to it—but this hull business is a put-up job on us fellers, by Pacific Pete and that Brand feller, 'cause they think we know'd too much for the good o' thar health. You'll find 'em out afore long. Mebbe I'll learn you a lesson not to b'lieve what every fool says."

"I don't—so you might as well cheese it," "You're sharp—sharp as soft soap, an' 'twit as nasty! 'Twouldn't be safe for you to run 'round loose. For the good o' mankind, reckon I'd better put a muzzle on ye. Don't like to no, I don't. You'll get mad, mebbe, an' cuss me. That'd hurt my feelin's powerful. 'Spect I'd go into a collapse."

While talking Old Business was not idle. He knew that his ruse might be discovered at any moment, when the crowd would probably take the back track, or else scatter and search the range thoroughly in hopes of stumbling upon his hiding place or across his trail. Rapid flight, then, would be his best safeguard.

But first Barton must be disposed of. At no time a bloodthirsty man, Old Business would have risked his life twice over rather than injure his captive, whose bold words had strongly interested him.

"I'm sorry, but it can't be helped," he muttered quietly, as with his knife he unconsciously cut several strips from the miner's dilapidated breeches. "Your rig is a good summer suit—light an' airy; it's pity to spile 'em. But what kin I do? Ye see, I'm 'vited to a big-bug ball, an' 'twouldn't do fer me to spile my dress suit. Thar—open your mouth—"

"I don't want to squeegie ye, but if I must—so! Don't it taste nice? 'Wa'al, that's your fault—should wash 'em offener. However, dirt's healthy—jest think o' that an' 'twent taste half so bad. Thar! you're fixed up snipions, if I do say it. You're a lucky cuss, you bet! Jest think! All you've got to do is to lay hyar, like a bump on a log, untel you git tired—an' as much longer as you like. You don't hev to work, nor to drink, nor eat, nor do nuthin' but lay still an' do nuthin'! Mebbe I'll call on ye, in a week or so, if I don't forget it. Ef I should, you jist holler an' let me know."

Leaving Barton bound, gagged, and perfectly helpless, Old Business picked up his weapons and glided silently down the hill. He felt no compunctions at leaving his captive in this way, knowing full well that some of his friends would assuredly find and release him, when they came to search for the lost trail by daylight.

After breaking his trail thoroughly in the creek, Old Business lit out for the appointed rendezvous at his best gait, knowing that Pike and Mark would be uneasy at his long delay.

Indistinct mutterings fell from his lips: vague allusions to Pacific Pete, Eli Brand and Edna—he seemed greatly troubled. Little wonder. Were this false accusation generally believed, that section of the country would be made too hot for them. Only speedy flight could save them—capture meant a sudden and ignominious death.

The night was far spent when Old Business reached the rendezvous, and his signal was promptly responded to. But what was his astonishment when Lefe Pike alone greeted him. Where was Mark?

"Don't know," replied Pike. "Hain't seed hair nor hide o' him sence we left the shanty. He hain't bin hyar—that's sartin. I hed the shortest trail, an' he couldn't 'a' out-traveled me. Ef he'd 'a' come, I'd 'a' heard him. Mebbe he mistook the place?"

"Tain't likely. I told him 'stintly the point whar Tanglefoot run into! Little Scott crout. Mebbe he's hed trouble—all hell's afoot

to night!" and he hurriedly explained what had transpired at Dick's Pocket.

"S'pose they've 'atched him?" faltered Pike, uneasily.

"Ef they hev, an' hurt comes to the lad, thar'll be lively doin's in these diggin's, you hear me! The cusses 'll hev more business on thar hands than they kin 'tend to—that's swored to!"

"You kin count me in," slowly said Pike. "I knowed the lad's folks in the East—afore my troubles—an' won't go back on him. Seems like he was my own child!"

"I thought I could count on you, old man," was the hunter's only reply.

The hours wore slowly by. The moon sunk behind the hills, and the darkness that heralds the coming dawn settled over the earth. Silent and motionless the two men waited—waited for the comrade whom fate had decreed should never keep the rendezvous—for the signal his lips were fated never to utter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 296.)

## Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

### BASE-BALL.

The professional season of 1875 terminated on Saturday, October 30th, and in one respect it was the most successful known in the annals of professional play, inasmuch as the display made by the leading clubs in the several departments of the game, viz.: pitching, batting, fielding and base-running, surpassed everything of the kind seen in any season since base-ball was inaugurated. The first match of the season in the championship arena was played April 19th, and the last on October 30th, the Boston club being the first and the last club to win, the first game with the New Haven by 6 to 0, at New Haven, and the last with the Hartford by 7 to 4, at Boston. Thirteen clubs entered for the pennant in April, 1875, but only seven were able to complete their legal quota of six games with each other, out of the series of ten they had to play at the commencement of the season. The clubs whose games will be counted by the Championship Committee, and the games they have played with each other, and either won or lost, will be found in the appended table:

CLUBS.	Boston	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	St. Paul	Washington	Centennial	Providence	Western	Games won.
Boston	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Chicago	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Hartford	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
St. Louis	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Philadelphia	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
St. Paul	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Washington	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Centennial	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Providence	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Western	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	48
Games lost.	7	10	27	28	31	36	37	185			

By the above it will be seen that the Boston team led by a majority of sixteen games, the Athletics leading the Hartford for second place by four games, and the Hartford for the St. Louis for third place by two games, the Mutuals being last on the list.

The full record of all the games played in the championship arena during 1875 by all the clubs which were entered on the first of May, is as follows. This does not include tie games or those forfeited, but simply the games won and lost in actual play from April 19th to October 30th inclusive:

CLUBS.	Boston	Chicago	Hartford	St. Louis	Philadelphia	St. Paul	Washington	Centennial	Providence	Western	Games won.
Boston	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	71
Chicago	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	53
Hartford	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	54
St. Louis	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	54
Philadelphia	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	37
St. Paul	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	30
Washington	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	10
Centennial	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4
Providence	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4
Western	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	1
Games lost.	8	20	28	31	36	37	14	13	43	13	334

By this it will be seen that the Boston team leads by 13 games, the Hartford being second by one game, and the Athletics third by 1 game. The Centennial club disbanded in May, the Westerns in June, and the Washingtons in July. The New Haven failed to play their quota of six games with the St. Louis, Mutual, Chicago and Atlantic clubs, and the Athletics failed to play their quota with the St. Louis, Chicago and New Haven clubs, and thereby the whole list of games played by those clubs are thrown out of the record by the championship code of rules.

It will be seen also that the Hartford played nine games more than the Athletics did; they therefore had a better opportunity to win more games. From April 19th to June 5th the career of the Red Stockings, of Boston, was one of uninterrupted success, victory after victory being recorded, until they counted twenty-six won games and none lost. The first club to spoil this record was the St. Louis nine, which team on June 5 defeated the Reds by 5 to 4 in St. Louis. Three days afterward the Reds were taken into camp at Chicago to the tune of 2 to 0 by the White Stockings, and from that time the fight for the pennant became less one-sided than before, as it was shown that the Reds were not as invincible as they were thought to be. At one time the Athletics began to pull up to closer quarters with the Reds, but characteristically the latter rallied in brilliant style in the closing months of the campaign, and finally came out victorious as

### THE CHAMPIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

During April they won four games and lost none. In May they won twenty-one games and lost none. In June they won thirteen games and lost three. In July they won eleven games and lost two. In September they won eight and lost two; and in October they won ten games and lost one. This leaves a total of seventy-one victories, with but eight defeats, a record unprecedented in the annals of the Professional Association. Their record in won and lost games—not including forfeited games—is as follows:

Boston.	Mutual	Hartford	Chicago	St. Louis	Philadelphia	St. Paul	Washington	Centennial	Providence	Western	Total.
Games won.....	10	9	8	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	171
Games lost.....	10	9	28	31	36	37	14	13	43	13	185
Games played.....	10	10	36	39	42	43	20	19	59	26	356

The success of the Boston club is due mainly to the fact that they have employed none but honest and reliable men in their team since

the club was organized. Secondly, to the good judgment displayed in their club management, whereby Harry Wright is empowered to control and manage the team without interference; thirdly, to the fact that the same nine, with but few changes, have played together season after season; and lastly, because they have been the best disciplined and most harmonious team in the arena each season. Not a player of the Boston nine of the past five seasons has ever been suspected of unfair or "crooked" play. No suspected men—no matter what their ability—will be admitted to the Boston club. No gamblers have interest in any of the stock, and no pool-room influences ever affect them in any way. Hence their creditable career and invariable success.

### THE MODEL PROFESSIONAL GAMES.







## THE EVERGREEN.

BY EDWARD G. PINCKNEY.

The roses, with their sweet perfume,  
May claim to be the most fair;  
But ah! their beauty fades as soon  
As touched by autumn air:  
So give to me the "Evergreen,"  
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The violet and buttercup,  
When clothed with sparkling dew,  
May call the humming-bird to sup  
Off gold or dainty blue,  
But give to me the "Evergreen,"  
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The water-lily fair to see  
Reclining on the stream,  
Robed with its spotless purity,  
May be the flower's queen,  
But give to me the "Evergreen,"  
Whose beauty is forever seen.

The pansy, or the daisy white,  
With grace and beauty rare,  
In modesty may charm the sight,  
And raise among the fair,  
But give to me the "Evergreen,"  
Whose beauty is forever seen.

All flowers that the earth has brought  
Will wither and decay;  
And though each is with beauty fraught,  
Their beauty fades away:  
So give to me the "Evergreen,"  
Whose beauty is forever seen.

## The Dead Traveler.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE train stopped at Dexam's bleak depot long enough to permit a man to spring from the drizzling gloom upon the platform of the through coach, whose doors were locked. The conductor, ensconced from the rain in the express car, did not see the new acquisition to his list of passengers, and the man standing on the platform seemed to be congratulating himself on the success of what he wished to call secrecy.

When the train moved from the station, whose night clerk slept in his dimly-lighted office, the unknown passenger quietly drew a brass key from his pocket and unlocked the door of the coach. When he closed it again, himself inside, it was locked as before.

He found the car lighted by three lamps, and seemingly deserted. Not a head protruded above the seats, and the air of desolation filled the place. He heard the rain now falling in earnest, beating against the windows, beyond whose panes the blackness of darkness reigned.

Not far from the fireless stove the new passenger seated himself, and began to brush his hat with a handkerchief. He was in the midst of his work when something like a groan startled him, and he stopped. Leaning forward, he listened keenly, and at length rose and walked down the aisle.

He seemed satisfied that he had heard a human groan, for he looked into and between the seats, and it was near the forward door that he suddenly came to a halt.

He stood over a man whose head rested on the crimson cushion of the seat, but whose body lay on the floor.

From the white lips beneath the silent spectator had proceeded the startling groan, and the eyes moved once when they caught sight of him.

The unknown passenger regarded the scene for a moment before he stirred a limb. Then he bent over the recumbent man, and with no little difficulty assisted him to the seat.

"I say it's no use after your murderous blows!" said the stricken one, seeming to regard the new passenger as his mortal enemy. "You need not strike me again."

"I never struck you," replied the passenger, with a faint smile. "My kind sir, you have mistaken the person. Will you not tell me how all this came about?"

It was quite evident that the wounded traveler was near unto death. One quiver after another passed over his frame, and once or twice after speaking he gasped for breath. The single spectator saw this and put his hand on his shoulder.

"I will avenge you!" he said, stooping over the dying traveler. "Tell me who did it; I am a detective."

The deathly eyes fixed their stare upon him, and when he saw the white lips move he put his ear down to them.

"Tell Natalie—Natalie—tell her that—God pity me!"

With the last word the traveler's head fell back upon the detective's hand, and the gurgle of death ran up his throat. Then he turned his face from the light, and the rain-drops that came through a hole in the pane fell upon a dead man's brow.

"Curse the stupid luck!" said the detective, standing erect. "He would have told me, I am sure, and my case would not have been difficult. But let me see what I can find upon him by which to work, for I swear I will hunt to the death the man who killed the traveler."

An examination of the dead man's pockets revealed nothing concerning his identity, and the detective looked puzzled. He found an empty pocket-book and a watch; but they did him no good. The man had probably reached his thirtieth year; his hair and well-dressed beard were light, and his lifeless eyes a beautiful blue. He was well dressed, but there was no show of ostentation about his garments.

After the search the detective unlocked the front door of the coach, and with another key which he found in his pocket, unlocked the express car. Stopping boldly into it, he started the messenger, whose hands fell on an inner pocket when he beheld the unsummoned intruder, but no pistol was drawn.

"No shouting, Tobey," said the detective, and the messenger recognizing the voice, came forward with extended hands.

"You take a fellow by surprise, Dixon; I might have shot you," said the detective; "where's Golden?"

"Oh, I guess not!" laughed the detective; "Asleep in your corner."

Dixon stepped forward, and waked a good-looking man, who had fallen asleep on several bales of gunnycloth.

"You've got a dead man on the train," Dixon said to the conductor, when he opened his eyes.

"A dead man?" cried the express messenger, before the conductor, recovering from his sleep, could utter a single ejaculation.

"A man as dead as Chelsea. Come and see him."

The messenger picked up a lantern, and the two left the car.

"I recollect him," said conductor Golden, looking at the dead traveler. "He boarded the train at Monterey, and was my only through passenger. There're two stabs in his left breast. You've noticed them, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; nothing ever escapes me," replied the detective, with a smile. "Do not either of you gentlemen knowught about him?"

The messenger shook his head without replying, and the conductor said: "I've met him once or twice before. I

think his name is Hardesty. Concerning his home or his people, I know nothing."

A few minutes later, on some sacks stretched on the floor of the express-car, lay the dead traveler. The lamplight fell over his pale face and rendered it ghastly, like the faces of corpses.

Conductor Golden said that the mystery of the passenger's death puzzled him. He was sure that no other person tenanted the fatal coach when he locked it, after taking up the only through ticket, and giving the proper check. The theory of suicide was discussed, but abandoned, as no weapons were found on the passenger's person. The messenger recollected a certain robbery of the company's car works several years prior to the fatal night, and stated that a number of coach keys were then taken. In all probability some person in possession of one of these keys had entered the coach at some station, murdered the unknown passenger while the train was in motion, and made good his escape.

This theory satisfied messenger and conductor, but not the detective.

"Gentlemen," he said, calmly, "this man was killed by an old enemy. His watch, worth at least two hundred dollars, remains on his person, but everything else has been removed. The murderer has carefully removed all traces of his identity, but his shrewdness shall avail him naught. For I tell you, the speaker's cold but piercing eyes were fixed on Golden, 'I tell you,' he repeated, 'that I will hunt him down and make him pay dearly for his terrible work.'"

"Your hand on that!" said the conductor, putting forth his hand, and the men clasped. "Why, there's blood on your hand!" suddenly said Dixon, noting a crimson spot on Golden's member. "I've a mind to arrest you," he added, with a smile.

"Do so, and hunt no further for your man!" returned the conductor. "I had my hand in the dead man's bosom, hence the gore on my skin. But do you think you'll ever catch the perpetrator of the deed?"

"Catch him?" cried Dixon. "In my detective life I have never followed a man in vain. John Golden, you have heard of me in the capacity of a man-hunter, and I promise that you shall be present at the death of your passenger's assassin."

"Good!" I accept the invitation implied in your words; and Tobey—is he included?"

"Certainly," answered Dixon, with a faint smile, and then the conversation was interrupted by the whistle of the engine.

"We're running into Dayton," said the messenger, taking up his book. "I put off a parcel here that is not entered on the books," and he glanced from the detective to the corpse.

The coroner's inquest elicited no new facts concerning the dead passenger. The usual verdict that "the deceased had come to his death at the hands of some person or persons unknown to the jury" appeared in the morning papers. During the day many people viewed the corpse in the coroner's office; but it was not recognized.

Dixon, the detective, kept about the office the entire day. He scrutinized the face of each viewer of the corpse, and assisted to put the dead into the coffin after office hours.

Many people wondered who that strange and commonplace man in the office was, never dreaming that he was one of the keenest detectives in the United States. He left the office at eleven o'clock and passed under the gaslight toward the Merchants' Hotel. This resort was in a distant part of the city, and to gain it the detective would be obliged to traverse a portion of the metropolis infested with thieves, gamblers, debauchees, and wicked people generally. He had traversed it before, unarmed, and did not fear its denizens.

He set forth alone, and had gained the nearest and best portion of the infected district, when a hand was laid on his arm. He stopped and beheld a young girl looking up into his face.

"Well, Miss?" he said, in a tone that reassured the person, for she came nearer.

"I saw you in the coroner's office; but I was afraid to come in," she said. "I looked in from the curb, and ran off when I thought you were looking at me. Sir, I would like to see him before they give him an unknown grave. He was my brother."

Dixon started and turned full upon the pale, sorrowful girl.

"Your brother?" he cried. "What is your name?"

"Natalie Green."

"Natalie?"

It was the last name pronounced by the murdered traveler; and the detective was startled at finding its possessor so soon.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In a house two blocks down this street. Oh, sir, do not think me one of the sinning. I am not. He drew me from home, and I had not the hardihood to return. I could not face father, though I have not fallen, and brother George, the dead, has been hunting me ever since."

"Natalie, this is no place for conversation," said the detective. "In your home you must tell me the whole story. You know what I am, girl?"

"Yes, a detective," she replied. "They don't like such as you in these parts."

"I reckon not," he said, with a smile, and together they walked down the street.

What followed I need not detail here; the denouement of my story will tell the reader.

One autumn night, three months later, a man boarded a train as it was leaving a country station.

The night was the counterpart of the one that witnessed the finding of the dying passenger in the coach, and the person who had nimble leaped upon the platform unlocked the car with the *sang froid* of a privileged person.

He passed through the well-filled coach, and presently faced the messenger, who was at cards with the conductor. Both men started when they beheld the new-comer; but they soon recognized him and gave him a friendly hand.

"No man yet," said Conductor Golden, with a light laugh, as he looked up into their visitor's face. "The trail is long, and will in time, no doubt, grow tiresome."

"But I have reached the end of it," said the detective, seriously, and the conductor rose to his feet.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Tobey, we will drink to Dixon's success."

"You must drink soon, then," was the reply; and a revolver quietly slipped from the detective's pocket.

"John Golden," he continued, "I arrest you for the murder of George Green. You allured his sister, Natalie, from her home, and swore to kill him because he followed you. That vow you have kept; you met him in your through coach; the night was dark; and he your sole passenger. Then and there you imbrued your hands with blood, and removed from his person traces of his identity. Deny

not the charges, for I am prepared to prove each and every one! Tobey, there are a brace of handcuffs in my pocket."

The astonished messenger moved toward the detective, when with a cry of horror the conductor leaped to the half open express door.

Dixon sprang forward to arrest him, but was too late.

The train struck a bridge as the form of the conductor disappeared, and messenger and detective gazed blankly into each other's faces.

"Dead?" asked Dixon.

"Dead?" responded Tobey. "If he missed the beams he fell into the river eighty feet below us."

"Well, let him go!" said the detective. "He is the assassin of the man from whose home he allured a sister."

The body of John Golden was never found. Among his papers at his boarding-house in the city was found a memorandum book belonging to George Green, and other articles that Natalie identified.

Thus was the mystery that hung over the dead traveler cleared, and I have but to add that Natalie returned home, and after the lapse of two years, became the wife of no less a person than Jerome Dixon.

## THREE PAIRS AND ONE.

From the German of Ruckert.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Two ears had thou and mouth but one;  
But wherefore murmur, pray?  
For, much to hear it doth beseech,  
And little of it say.

Two eyes had thou and mouth but one;  
Its import heed thou well,  
For, many things thy sight to see,  
And little of them tell.

Two hands had thou and mouth but one;  
To weigh this well 'tis meet;  
For, plainly, two were made to work,  
And only one to eat!

## Erminie:

## THE GIPSY QUEEN'S VOW.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AN AW-FUL MYSTERY," "VICTORIA," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

PET FINISHES HER EDUCATION.

"And her brow cleared, but not her dauntless eye;  
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high."  
—DON JUAN.

ACCUSTOMED to early rising from her infancy, the first beam of morning sunshine found Pet out of bed, and dressed.

The other girls, with Miss Sharpe, were up, too, hastily throwing on their clothes, and looking pale, haggard and worn, from the previous night's excitement and want of sleep.

Quivering with the remembrance of last night's frolic, and the terror and consternation that would follow it to-day, Pet stood before the mirror, bathing her hands and face, and curling her short, boyish, black ringlets.

The others did not wait for this, but as soon as they were dressed made a grand rush for the lower rooms, where they knew the remainder of the household were assembled. And here they found them, still in their night-robes, just beginning to find their tongues, and venturing to talk over the exciting events of the previous night.

Petronilla, with her keen sense of the ludicrous, had much ado to keep from laughing outright at their wild eyes and affrighted whispers, but drawing her face down to the length of the rest, she talked away as volubly as any of them of her terror and wonder, protesting she would write to her papa to take her home, for that she wasn't accustomed to living in haunted houses. At last, becoming aware of their *deshabille*, the young ladies decamped up-stairs to don more becoming garments, and talk over, in the privacy of their own apartments, the ghost and the mysterious rapping.

Mrs. Moodie, recovering her presence of mind and dignity, with the coming of daylight, resolved to lose no time in having the matter fully investigated. Her first act was to have the house searched from top to bottom, and the young ladies willingly engaging in the search, every corner, crevice, and crevice, from attic to cellar, was thoroughly examined. Had a needle been lost it must have been found, but no trace of last night's visitor could be discovered.

"Oh, it's no use looking; it was a ghost!" exclaimed Miss Sharpe.

"Oh, yes, it was a ghost! It must have been a ghost!" echoed all the young ladies simultaneously.

"But ghosts always come in through a key-hole—at least the ghosts up our way," said Pet; "so where was the use of its knocking and making such a fuss last night?"

No one felt themselves qualified to answer the questions, so the hunt was given over, and the hunters, in much disorder, were told they might as well amuse themselves in the playground that morning, instead of reciting, as usual.

The teachers did not feel themselves able to pursue their customary avocations until some light had been thrown upon the mystery.

Then Mrs. Moodie put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out without any definite object in view, unless it was to see if the ghost had left any clue to its whereabouts on the street. As a very natural consequence, her eyes turned upon the huge brass knocker that had been so instrumental in last night's dim; and from it, to her surprise, she beheld a long, stout cord dangling. Petronilla, of course, in cutting the string, could not reach down to sever it, and a half-yard or so still waved in triumph in the morning air.

Mrs. Moodie, though a fine lady, was sharp and "wide awake," and in this cord she perceived some clue to the affair of the previous night. As she still gazed on it in the same way as a detective might, at the evidence of some secret crime, the young girl who had given Pet the cord passed through the hall and passed to look at the open door which Mrs. Moodie was so intently surveying. Her eye fell on the cord; she started, took a step forward, looking puzzled and surprised.

"It was no spirit, you see, that was rapping last night, Miss Hughes," said Mrs. Moodie, sharply; "this cord has had something to do with it."

"Why, that cord is mine—or rather was," said the young lady, examining it; "we used to use it in our room for hanging pocket-handkerchiefs and collars to dry on."

"Yours, Miss Hughes," said Mrs. Moodie, facing round with an angry light rising in her eyes.

"It was mine, madam; I gave it last evening to the new pupil, Miss Lawless."

"To Miss Lawless?"

"Yes, madam, when we were in the dormi-

tory last night, she asked me for a string, and I brought her this, having no other; she has cut it, I see."

"What did Miss Lawless want of it—do you know?"

"I do not know; she did not say; it is very strange how it can have got here."

A new light suddenly flashed through the mind of Mrs. Moodie. She recollected what Pet's father had told her of the mischief-loving propensities of that young lady. What if all her meekness and docility had been assumed! She glanced up at the window beside Pet's bed, and instantaneously the whole truth dawned upon her.

And then a change most wonderful to see came over the features of Mrs. Moodie. Dark, and stern, and determined, she turned from the door, unlocked the cord, and marched with it directly into the house.

"Miss Hughes," she said, curtly, "go and tell all the teachers and pupils to assemble in the school-room at once. I think I have found out the origin of the disturbance now."

Wondering and perplexed, Miss Hughes went and delivered her message; and on fire with eager curiosity, a universal rush was made for the *classe*, and in silent expectation they waited for the coming of Mrs. Moodie.

They had not long to wait. With a hard, metallic tramp, that announced her state of mind, that lady rustled in, and in ominous silence took her seat, motioning the others to resume theirs with a wave of her hand.

Every eye was bent upon her in silent awe, as they noticed her stiff, rigid sternness. Her eye passed over the rest, and like a hound scenting his prey, fixed itself piercingly on Pet.

"Miss Lawless," she said, in a stern, measured tone, "come here."

"Stars and stripes!" ejaculated Pet, inwardly, as she rose to obey; "can she have found me out so soon? Oh, Pet Lawless, maybe you ain't in for it now!"

All eyes were now turned in silent amazement on Pet. Slowly Mrs. Moodie thrust her hand in her pocket, still sternly transfixing Pet with her eyes, and drew out—a piece of cord!

At the sight, all Pet's doubts were removed; she was discovered. Then all personal apprehensions vanished, her perverse spirit rose, and bold, dauntless and daring she stood before her stern judge—her straight, lithe form defiantly erect, her malicious black eyes dancing with fun.

"Miss Lawless, do you know anything of this?" demanded Mrs. Moodie, holding it up.

"Slightly acquainted," said Pet; "saw it last night for the first time."

"Will you be kind enough to state for what purpose you borrowed it?"

"Yes'm, to have some fun with."

"Fun? pray be a little more explicit, Miss Lawless. Was it you that tied it to the door, last night?"

"Yes'm."

"And by that means you knocked at the door, and created all the alarm and confusion that so terrified us all," said Mrs. Moodie, with a rapidly darkening brow.

"Yes'm," said Pet, loudly, nothing daunted.

A low murmur of surprise and horror, at this atrocious confession, ran round the room.

"And what was your design in thus throwing the household into terror and consternation, Miss Lawless?"

"I told you before—just for fun," said Pet, coolly.

Mrs. Moodie compressed her lips, and though her sallow face was dark with suppressed anger, she remained outwardly calm. Low murmurs of amazement, anger and indignation ran through the room; but Pet stood upright, bold and defiant before them all, as though she had done nothing whatever to be ashamed of.

"Perhaps, then, since you are so fond of practical jokes, you were the ghost Miss Sharpe saw, likewise," said Mrs. Moodie.

"Yes, I was," said Pet, casting a flashing glance at that lady, who sat listening, with hands and eyes uplifted in horror.

"No, she wasn't," said Miss Sharpe; "the one I saw was all on fire."

"Silence, Miss Sharpe! leave the matter to me," said Mrs. Moodie, sternly. Then turning to Pet: "Since you are so candid, Miss Lawless, will you inform me in what manner you rendered yourself so frightful an object?"

"Yes, it was easy enough," said Pet. "I just rubbed some phosphoreted ether on my hands and face. It shone in the dark, and scared her; and that was all I wanted."

A profound silence for one moment reigned throughout the room. Every one sat, overwhelmed, looking at each other as though unable to credit what they heard.

"And what evil motive had you in terrifying us?" resumed Mrs. Moodie, after a pause.

"I hadn't any evil motive. I just wanted fun, I tell you. Papa sent me here, and I didn't want to come, but I had to; so, as it was horrid dull here, I thought I'd just amuse myself scaring you all, and I can't see where was the harm either. I've always been used to do as I like, and this ain't no circumstance to what's to come next!" And Pet's flashing eyes blazed open defiance.

Mrs. Moodie rose from her seat, her sallow complexion almost white with anger, her sharp eyes bright with an angry light.

"Some one else will have a voice in this matter, Miss Lawless. Had I been aware of the sort of girl you were, rest assured that, much as I respect your father, you should never have entered here. In all my experience it has never been my misfortune to encounter so much depravity in one so young. I shall instantly write to your father to come and take you home, for no inducement could persuade me to allow you to become a member of this establishment. You will consider yourself expelled, Miss Lawless, and must leave the house as soon as your father can come to take you home."

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad of it," said Pet, impatiently; "for of all the stupid old holes I ever saw, this is the worst! I wouldn't be paid to stay here—not if you were to make me president to-morrow for it."

No such inducement is likely to be offered, Miss Lawless. Your presence here, I can assure you, is not coveted. Miss Sharpe, take this young lady to one of the spare rooms, and remain there to watch her until her father comes and removes her. Young ladies, you will now resume your studies as usual."

And with a frigid bow, Mrs. Moodie swept from the room, leaving all behind her lost in a maze of wonder and indignation.

Miss Sharpe, with her little eyes glistening, approached and took Pet by the shoulder, to lead her from the room; but Pet angrily jerked herself free from her hated touch, and exclaimed:

"Let me alone! I can walk without your help. Go ahead and I'll follow, but keep your hands to yourself."

Miss Sharpe, finding herself foiled even in the moment of victory, walked sullenly on, and Pet, with head up and elbows squared, tripped

after her to the solitude of "one of the spare rooms," where every amusement was barred her but that of making faces at Miss Sharpe.

An hour after, a long epistle, detailing in glowing colors Pet's wicked actions of the night before, was dispatched by Mrs. Moodie to Judge Lawless.

The result of it was, that the evening of the second day after, that gentleman arrived, nearly beside himself with rage.

Then Mrs. Moodie recapitulated the whole affair, and ended by protesting that no amount of money could prevail upon her to keep so vicious a child in her school another day. All her pupils would become depraved by her example; and the result would be, that she would lose her school. Judge Lawless haughtily replied she need be under no apprehension, for he would instantly take his daughter home.

Pet was accordingly dressed, her baggage packed up, and brought down to her father.

With all her boldness she yielded for a moment as she met his eye. But without one single word of comment, he motioned her to precede him into the carriage; and in silence they started.

During the whole journey home, the judge never condescended to open his mouth or address her a single word. Pet, just as well pleased to be left to herself, leaned back in the carriage to meditate new mischief when she would get home.

But Miss Petronilla Lawless soon found she was not quite so much her own mistress as she thought.

The evening of the second day brought them to Judestown. As they passed the village, entered the forest road, and came within sight of old Barrens Cottage, Pet began to think of Ray and wonder how he was, and if it would be safe to ask her father to let her go in and see.

One glance at that gentleman's face, however, convinced her that it would not be safe, and that prudence was by far the safest plan just then. Hoping Erminie might be at the door as she passed, she thrust her head out of the carriage window, when her father silently caught her by the shoulder, pulled her back with no gentle hand, and shut down the blind.

Then the very demon of defiance sprang into the eyes of the elf; and facing round, she was about to begin a harangue more spirited than respectful; but something in the cold, stern, steely eye bent on her quenched the indignant light in her own and she sulkily relapsed into silence, thinking a "dumb devil" would be more agreeable to her father just then than a talking one.

Ranty was out on the veranda, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets and whistling "Yankee Doodle." Pet favored him with a nod as she tripped into the house, while Ranty's eyes grew as large as two full moons in his amazement. Daring after her, he caught her by the arm as she was entering the door, and exclaimed:

"I say, Pet; what in the world brings you home again? I thought you were gone to school!"

"So I was."

"Then why are you here?"

"Finished my education. Told you I would in a week," said Pet, with a nod.

"Randolph, go off and mind your business, sir," exclaimed his father, sternly. "Here—this way, *go!*"

So saying, he caught Pet by the shoulder, and unceremoniously drew her after him, upstairs into the library. Then shutting the door, he threw himself into his arm-chair, and folding his arms across his chest, favored Pet with an awful look.

Miss Lawless, standing erect before him, bore this appalling stare without blushing.

"Well, and what do you think of yourself now, Miss Petronilla Lawless?" was the first question he deigned to ask her since their meeting.

"Just what I did before," said Pet, nothing daunted.

"And what may that be, pray?" said her father, with an icy sneer.

"Why, that I'm a real smart little girl, and can keep my word like a man! I said I'd finish my education and be back in a week, and—here I am."

A dark frown settled on the brow of the judge, as he listened to this audacious reply; but, maintaining an outer semblance of calmness, he asked:

"And how have you determined to spend your time for the future, Miss Lawless?"

"Just as I did before—riding round and visiting my friends."

A chilling smile settled on the lips of the judge.

"So that is your intention, is it? Well, now hear *mine*. Since you will neither stay at school nor behave yourself as a young lady should when at home, I shall sell your pony and procure you a tutor who will be your teacher and guard at the same time. Whenever you move from the house, either he or I will accompany you; and I shall take proper steps to prevent your visiting any of those you call your friends. You will find, Miss Lawless, I am not to be disob



as long and as loud as she can, I reckon. An old blue pitcher! Humph! Wish to gracious I had smashed the whole set, and made one job of it."

By this time they had reached the playground; and making her way through the crowd, Pet marched resolutely up to Miss Sharpe, and confronted that lady with an expression as severe as though she were about to have her arrested for high treason.

"Miss Sharpe, look here!" she began. "I've been up-stairs and smashed an old blue pitcher. There!"

"What!" said Miss Sharpe, knitting her brows, and rather at a loss.

"Miss Lawless in the children's dormitory, Miss Sharpe," explained the girl who had been Pet's guide, "and she accidentally broke one of the pitchers. She could not help it, I assure you."

"But I know she could help it," screamed Miss Sharpe. "She has done it on purpose, just to provoke me. Oh, you little limb you!—you unbearable little mischief-maker! You deserve to be whipped till you can't stand."

"See here, Miss Sharpe; you'll be hoarse pretty soon, if you keep screaming that way," said Pet, calmly.

"I'll go and tell Mrs. Moodie. I'll go this minute. Such conduct as this, you'll see, will not be tolerated here," shrieked the exasperated lady, shaking her fist furiously at Pet.

"Mrs. Moodie has gone out," said one of the girls.

"Then I'll tell her to-morrow. I'll—"

Here the loud ringing of a bell put a stop to further declamation, and the girls all flew, flocking in, and marched, two by two, into another large room, where a long supper-table was laid out.

It was almost dark when the evening meal was over. Then the large girls dispersed themselves to their various avocations, and the younger ones, under the care of a gentler monitor than Miss Sharpe, raced about the long halls and passages, and up and down-stairs.

Now was the time Pet had been waiting for. Gliding, unobserved, up-stairs, she entered the dormitory, and securing one end of the string to the bed-post, let the remainder drop out of the window. Then returning down-stairs, she passed unnoticed through the front hall, and finally secured the other end of the string to the knocker of the door. It was too dark, as she knew, for any one to observe the cord in opening the door.

This done, she returned to her companions, all aglow with delight at her success so far, and instigated by her, the din and uproar soon grew perfectly unbearable, and the whole phalanx were ordered off to bed half an hour earlier than usual, to get rid of the noise.

As Judge Lawless had said, it was a rigidly strict establishment; and the rule was that, at half-past nine, every light should be extinguished, and all should be safely tucked up in bed. Even Mrs. Moodie herself was no exception to this rule; for, either thinking example better than precept, or being fond of sleeping, ten o'clock always found her in the arms of Morpheus.

Therefore, at ten o'clock, silence, and darkness, and slumber, hung over the establishment of Mrs. Moodie. In the children's dormitory, nestled in their white-draped beds, the little tired pupils were sleeping the calm, quiet sleep of childhood, undisturbed by feverish thoughts or gloomy forebodings of the morrow. Even Miss Sharpe had testily permitted herself to fall stiffly asleep, and lay with her mouth open, stretched out as straight as a ramrod, and about as grim. All were asleep—all but one.

One wicked, curly, mischief-brewing little head there was by far too full of naughty thoughts to sleep. Pet, nestled on her pillow, was actually quivering with suppressed delight at the coming fun.

She heard ten o'clock—eleven strike, and then she got up in bed and commenced operations. Her first care was to steal softly to one of the washstands, and thoroughly wet a sponge, which she placed on the window-ledge within her reach, knowing she would soon have occasion to use it.

Taking some phosphureted ether, which she had procured for the purpose of "fun" before leaving home, she rubbed it carefully over her face and hands.

Reader, did you ever see any one in the dark with their faces and hands rubbed over with phosphureted ether? looking as though they were all on fire—all encircled by flames? If you have, then you know how our Pet looked then.

Sitting there, a frightful object to contemplate, she waited impatiently for the hour of midnight to come.

The clock struck twelve, at last; the silence was so profound that the low soft breathing of the young sleepers around her could be plainly heard. In her long, flowing night-wrapper, Pet got up and tiptoed softly across the room to the bed where the cross she-dragon lay.

Now, our Pet never thought there could be the slightest danger in what she was about to do, or, wild as she was, she would most assuredly not have done it. She merely wished to frighten Miss Sharpe for her obstinacy, unbelief in ghosts and crossness, and never gave the matter another thought. Therefore, though it was altogether an inexcusable trick, still Pet was not so very much to blame as may at first appear.

Now she paused for a moment to contemplate the sour, grim-looking sleeper—thinking her even more repulsive in sleep than when awake; and then laying one hand on her face, she uttered a low, hollow groan, destined for her ears alone.

Miss Sharpe, awakened from a deep sleep by the disagreeable and startling consciousness of an icy-cold hand on her face, started up in affright, and then she beheld an awful vision! A white specter by her bedside, all in fire, with flames encircling face and hands, and sparks of fire seemingly darting from eyes and mouth!

For one terrible moment she was unable to utter a sound for utter, unspeakable horror. Then, with one wild, piercing shriek, she buried her head under the clothes, to shut out the awful specter. Such a shriek as it was! No hyena, no screech-owl, no peacock ever uttered so ear-splitting, throat-rendering a scream as that. No word or words in the whole English language can give the faintest idea of that terrible scream. Before its last vibration had died away on the air, every sleeper in the establishment, including madame herself, had sprung out of bed, and stood pale and trembling, listening for a repetition of that awful cry.

From twenty beds in the dormitory, twenty little sleepers sprang, and immediately began to make night hideous with small editions of Miss Sharpe's shriek. Gathering strength from numbers, the twenty voices rose an octave higher at every scream, and yell after yell, in the shrillest soprano, pierced the air, although not one of them had the remotest idea of what it was all about.

At the first alarm, Firefly had flitted swiftly and fleetly across the room, jumped into bed, and seizing the sponge, gave her face and hands a vigorous rubbing; and now stood screaming with the rest, not to say considerably louder than any of them.

"Oh, Miss Sharpe, get up! the house is afire! Oh, Miss Sharpe, get up! the house is afire! We're all murdered in our beds!" yelled Pet, going over and catching that lady by the shoulder with a vigorous shake.

And "Oh, Miss Sharpe! Oh, Miss Sharpe! Get up. Oh-oh-oh!" shrieked the terrified children, clustering round the bed, and those who could spring in and shaking her.

With a disagreeable sense of being half-crushed to death, Miss Sharpe was induced to remove her head from under the clothes, and cast a quick, terrified glance around. But the coast was clear—the awful specter was gone.

And now another noise met her ears—the coming footsteps of every one within the walls of the establishment, from Mrs. Moodie down to the little maid-of-all-work in the kitchen. In they rushed, armed with bedroom-candlesticks, rulers, ink-bottles, slate-frames, and various other warlike weapons, prepared to do battle to the last gasp.

And then it was: "Oh, what on earth is the matter? What on earth is the matter? What is the matter?" from every lip.

Miss Sharpe sprung out of bed and fled in terror to the side of Mrs. Moodie.

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, it was awful! Oh, it was dreadful! With flames of fire coming out of its mouth, and all dressed in white. Oh, it was terrible! Ten feet high, and all in flames!" shrieked Miss Sharpe, in the name of Heaven!

"Miss Sharpe, what in the name of Heaven is all this about?" asked the startled Mrs. Moodie, while the sixty "young ladies" clung together, white with mortal fear.

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, I've seen it! It was frightful! all in flames of fire!" screamed the terrified Miss Sharpe.

"Seen it! seen what? Explain yourself, Miss Sharpe."

"Oh, it was a ghost! a spirit! a demon! a fiend! I felt its blazing hands cold as ice on my face. Oh, good Heaven!" And again Miss Sharpe's shriek at the recollection resounded through the room.

"Blazing hands cold as ice! Miss Sharpe, you are crazy! Calm yourself, I command you, and explain why we are all roused out of our beds at this hour of the night by your shrieks," said Mrs. Moodie, fixing her sharp eyes steadily upon her.

That look of rising anger brought Miss Sharpe to her senses. Wringing her hands, she cried out:

"Oh, I saw a ghost, Mrs. Moodie; an awful ghost! It came to my bedside all on fire, and—"

"A ghost! nonsense, Miss Sharpe!" broke out the now thoroughly enraged Mrs. Moodie, as she caught Miss Sharpe by the shoulder, and shook her soundly. "You have been dreaming; you have had the nightmare; you are crazy! A pretty thing, indeed! that the whole house is to be aroused and terrified in this way. I am ashamed of you, Miss Sharpe, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for terrifying those little children committed to your charge in this manner. I never heard of anything so abominable in my life before," said the angry Mrs. Moodie.

"Oh, indeed, indeed I saw it! Oh, indeed, indeed I did!" protested Miss Sharpe, wringing her hands.

"Silence, Miss Sharpe! don't make a fool of yourself! I'm surprised at you! a woman of your years giving way to such silly fancies. You saw it, indeed! A nice teacher you are to watch young children! Return to your beds, young ladies; and do you, Miss Sharpe, return to yours; and don't let me ever hear anything more about ghosts, or I shall instantly dismiss you. Ghosts, indeed! you're a downright fool, Miss Sharpe—that's what you are!" exclaimed the exasperated lady.

But even the threat of dismissal could not totally overcome Miss Sharpe's fears now, and catching hold of Mrs. Moodie's night-robe as she was turning away, she wildly exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie, let us have a light in the room for this night at least! I cannot sleep a wink unless you do."

"Miss Sharpe, hold your tongue! Do you see how you have frightened these children? Go to bed and mind your business. Young ladies, I think I told you before to go to your rooms—did I not?" said Mrs. Moodie, with still increasing anger.

Trembling and terrified, the girls scampered like frightened doves back to their rooms; and Mrs. Moodie, outraged and indignant, tramped her way to the bed she had so lately vacated, inwardly vowing to discharge Miss Sharpe as soon as ever she could get another to take her place.

And then the children in the dormitory crept shivering into bed, and wrapped their heads up in the bedclothes, trembling at every sound. And Miss Sharpe, quivering in dread, shrunk into the smallest possible space in hers, and having twisted herself into a round ball under the quilts, tightly shut her eyes, and firmly resolved that nothing in the earth, or in the waters under the earth, should make her open those eyes again that night.

And our wicked Firefly, chuckling inwardly over the success of her plot, jumped into hers, thinking of the fun yet to come.

An hour passed. One o'clock struck; then two, before sleep began to visit the drowsy eyelids of the roused slumberers again. Having assured herself that they had really fallen asleep at last, Pet sat up in bed softly, opened the window an inch or two, screened from view—had any one been watching her, which there was not—by the white curtains of the bed.

Then, lying composedly back on her pillow, she took hold of her string, and began pulling away.

Knock! knock! knock! knock! Rap! rap! rap! rap! rap!

The clamor was deafening; the music was awful at that silent hour of the night. Up and down the huge brass knocker thundered, waking a peal of echoes that rung and rung through the house.

Once again the house was aroused; once again every sleeper sprung out of bed, in terror, alarm, and consternation.

"Oh, holy saints! what is that? Oh, good heavens! what can that be at this time!" came simultaneously from every lip.

Knock! knock! knock! Rap! rap! rap! louder and louder still.

Every girl flitted from her room, and a universal rush was made for the apartments of Mrs. Moodie—all but the inmates of the dormitory. Miss Sharpe was too terrified to stir, and the children, following her lead, contented themselves with lying still, and renewing their screams where they had left them off an hour or so before.

Now Mrs. Moodie, half-distracted, rushed out, and encountered her forty terrified pupils in the hall.

"Oh, Mrs. Moodie! what has happened to-night! We will all be killed! Oh, listen to that!"

Knock! knock! knock! knock! knock! The clamor was deafening.

"We had better open the door, or they will break it down!" said Mrs. Moodie, her teeth chattering with terror.

"Send for Bridget; she is afraid of nothing!" suggested one of the trembling girls.

Two or three of the most courageous made a rush for the kitchen; and Bridget—a strapping nymph of five feet nine, and "stout according"—was routed out of bed, to storm the breach.

"Faith, thin, I'll open the door, if it was the devil himself!" exclaimed Bridget, resolutely, as she grasped the poker, and, like the leader of a forlorn hope, turned the key in the door.

Back she swung it with a jerk. The knocking instantly ceased. Up flew the poker, and down it descended with a whack, upon—vacancy! There was no one there!

"The Lord be between us an' harm!" exclaimed Bridget, recoiling back. "The devil a one's there, good, bad, or indifferent!"

"They must have run away when you opened the door!" said Mrs. Moodie, in trembling tones. "There is certainly some one there!"

Bridget descended the steps, and looked up and down the street; but all was silent, lonely, and deserted—not a living creature was to be seen.

"Come in, and lock the door," said the appalled Mrs. Moodie. "What in the name of Heaven could it have been?"

"Oh, the house is haunted!—the house is haunted!" came from the white lips of the young ladies. "Oh, Mrs. Moodie! do not ask us to go back to our rooms. We dare not. Let us stay with you until morning!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Moodie, not sorry to have company; "come into my room. Bridget, bring lights."

The door was unlocked. The frightened girls hustled, pale, and frightened, and shivering with superstition, awe, and undefined apprehension, into Mrs. Moodie's room; while that lady herself, crouching in their midst, was scarcely less terrified than they. Bridget brought in lights; and their coming renewed the courage the darkness had totally quenched.

"Now, Mistress Moodie, ma'am," said Bridget, crossing her arms with grim determination. "I'm goin' to sit at that door till morning, if it's plazin to ye, and if them black-guardly spalpeens comes knockin' dacent people out av their beds ag'in, be this an' that, I'll pave the mark of me five fingers on them, as sure as my name's Biddy Malone!"

"Very well, Bridget," said Mrs. Moodie. "It may be some wickedly-disposed person wishing to frighten the young ladies; and if it is, the heaviest penalties of the law shall be inflicted on them."

Arming herself with the poker, Bridget softly turned the key in the door, and laid her hand on the lock, ready to open it at a second's notice.

Scarcely had she taken her stand, when knock! knock! it began again; but the third rap was abruptly cut short by her violently jerking the door open, and lifting the poker for a blow that would have done honor to Donnybrook Fair. But a second time it fell, with a loud crack, upon—nothing! Far or near, not a soul was to be seen. Bridget was dismayed. For the first time in her life, a sensation of terror filled her brave Irish heart.

Slamming the door violently to, she locked it again, and rushed, with open eyes and mouth, into the room where the terror-stricken mistress and pupils sat, mute with fear.

"Faith, it's the devil himself that's at it! Lord pardon me for namin' him! Oh, holy martyrs! look down on us this night for poor, disconsolate set of ov crayers, and the Cross of Christ be between us and all harm!"

And dropping a little bob of a courtesy, Bridget devoutly out the sign of the cross on her forehead with her thumb.

Unable to speak or move with terror, mistress, pupils, and servants crouched together, longing and praying wildly for morning to come.

Again the knocking commenced, and continued, without intermission, for one whole mortal hour. Even the neighbors began to be alarmed at the unusual din, and windows were opened, and night-capped heads thrust out to see who it was who knocked so incessantly.

Three o'clock struck, and then, Pet beginning to feel terribly sleepy, and quite satisfied with the fun she had had all night, out the cord, and drew it up. The clamors, of course, instantly ceased; and five minutes after, Firefly, the wicked cause of all this trouble, was peacefully sleeping.

But no other eye in the house was destined to close that night—nor, rather, morning. Huddled together below, the frightened flock waited for the first glimpse of morning sunlight, thinking all the while that never was there a night so long as that. Up in the children's dormitory, all—from Miss Sharpe downward—lay in a cold perspiration of dread, trembling to stay where they were, yet, not daring to get up and join their companions below.

"I'll never stay another night in this dreadful place if I only live to see morning!" was the inward exclamation of every teacher and pupil who could by any means leave.

And so, in sleepless watchfulness, the dark, silent hours of morning wore on; and the first bright ray of another day's sunlight streaming in through the windows, never beheld an assemblage of paler or more terrified faces than were gathered together in the establishment of Mrs. Moodie.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 290.)

## Nick Whiffles' Pet:

NED HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A JUVENILE WOOING.

THE next morning after the meeting of Miona and Ned Hazel, the lad went early to the trap that had been visited by her. He found a squealing beaver in it, but there was no kind hand near to set it free. He let it cry for a while in the hope of drawing his visitor to the spot.

But, although he waited some time, she came not, and he was compelled to kill and carry it home. The same thing took place on the second morning, but the third saw his ardent wishes gratified.

There was no beaver in his trap, and he stood feeling as grieved and disappointed as a young gentleman could feel whose dearest hopes had been blasted, and who was ready to lie down and die in despair.

While in this miserable mood, he raised his eyes and saw two persons standing before

him. One was the Phantom Princess, and the other was Miona, her daughter. They were standing side by side, neither dressed in white, but both in the brilliantly colored dress of the Blackfoot squaws who stood high in the graces of their warrior husbands.

Ned blushed, and saluted them with natural gallantry. Myra said:

"I am looking for Nick Whiffles; is he at home?"

"He was here an hour ago, when I left; he is cleaning up his gun, so if you want to see him, you will find him there. I will show you the way."

"No, I do not wish you to do it," said she, interposing. "I know the way there myself. I only wanted to make certain of finding him."

"I am sure he is there; it is all of two miles distant, and you had better let me go with you," said Ned, who did not like the idea of losing the companionship of the girl, now that she had been so long coming.

"I would prefer that you should remain here," she said, quite earnestly. "I wish to see him on very particular business, and wish no one else near."

"You don't suppose I would stay near, while you are talking," said the lad, reproachfully.

"No, but I shall leave Miona here until I return, and, as she says you and she are acquainted, I had hoped that you would be willing to remain and keep her company."

"Oh! I'll do that!" exclaimed Ned, his face glowing with delight. "I have my gun with me, and I will take the best of care of her."

"Don't be gone too long," said the young maiden, as her mother started to move away.

"I will be back by noon, she replied, as she kissed her good-by, and speedily vanished in the forest.

"I only wish it was night," thought Ned, as he realized that he was alone with the one of whom he had been dreaming day and night, ever since he had first met her.

But he felt certain of several hours with her, and a sense of pleasurable delight came over him, as he suspected that Miona was quite willing to spend that time in his company.

Innocent and pure-minded as was Miona, and ignorant too, of the great emotion of love, she was artless and unembarrassed. Ned, despite his backwoods training, was naturally polite, his genuine goodness of heart resembling, in a great measure, the kind nature of Nick Whiffles.

"I am so sorry for mother," said the girl, as the two unconsciously walked away in the direction of the river.

"Why, what's the matter with her?"

"Something dreadful—she would not tell me what—but she has done nothing but cry and pray ever since we started from home. I saw the Indians scowl at her, and several of them seem to be angry about something; but she cries so much that I have been crying, too."

And her pretty eyes filled with tears, while Ned wanted to comfort her, and wasn't exactly certain how it should be done.

"I didn't see that anything much was the matter with her," he said. "She wasn't crying when she went by here."

"Because she has wept so much that she can't. I am glad Nick Whiffles is at home, for if she had been disappointed in seeing him, I don't know what she would have done."

"If Nick can do anything in the world for her, he'll do it; I know Nick."

"I can't understand how he is to help her," continued Miona, with a look of great perplexity; "for she has a good many friends among the Indians, and she is considered a sort of queen among them. But I think it must have something to do with that white man the Indians have in the Death Lodge."

"Who is he?" asked the astonished Ned.

Somebody followed us in a canoe, and the Blackfeet caught him, and I suppose they will put him to death, as they have a good many others. She kept talking about somebody named Hugh; do you know anybody of that name?"

Ned did not, although had she said Bandman, he would have recognized it.

"Well," added Miona, with a sigh, "I suppose she will tell me some day. Here we are at the bank of the river, and yonder is my canoe."

"Let us go look at it."

"You can ride in it if you choose."

The boat, of a natural dusky bark color, lay but a short distance away, and the two made their way to it.

"We have a long time to wait; let us cross over to the other side and explore it," said the girl, stepping lightly into it.

Ned was only too happy to join in the excursion, so he followed her and took up the oar.

"Which way shall we go?" he asked, forgetting that she had just given him the direction.

"Across, I said; or, if you wish it, you can go up or down, but we mustn't be away when mother returns."

Ned handled the oar with no little skill, and he sent the light canoe skimming swiftly over the river, which at this particular place was quite broad.

Miona sat in the prow of the boat, as though she was mistress of the situation, her large, lustrous eyes fixed upon Ned Hazel, who, blushing deeply, plied the paddle with all the grace of which he was capable.

Touching the opposite bank, the girl sprang lightly out, and he followed her, pausing only long enough to draw the canoe up out of the way of the current.

The boy carried his rifle with him, as was his invariable custom, and he only wished that some huge bear or other animal would cross their path, that he might show the beautiful prattling maiden at his side how much he was willing to do for her; but no danger appeared, and he could only do his best to keep pace with the wonderful volubility of her tongue.

Meager as was the education of Ned Hazel, he could tell from the conversation of the girl that she had acquired a great deal of knowledge, and he concluded at once that the Phantom Princess must be a personage of wonderful wisdom to have taught such a small girl.

Now and then he stole a side glance at her, and on each occasion he was reminded of that singular, shadowy resemblance, of which we have spoken. It puzzled him greatly, but at last he fathomed the mystery.

It came upon him all at once. She looked like the trapper Bandman, who sat next to him in the canoe. Strange that he had not noticed it before!

"Have you always lived among the Indians?" asked Ned, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully beside the girl.

"Ever since I can remember," she replied; "but you can see I am not an Indian. Why do you ask?"

"I have often wondered, since I saw you the other day, how it was that you and your mother were in this out-of-the-way place."

"So you have been thinking of me?" asked Miona, turning her laughing face toward that of her companion.

"I should think I had," replied Ned, again blushing. "I haven't thought of much else. I asked Nick all about you."

"And what did he tell you?"

"He told me to keep still, and he didn't know anything to tell me."

"I guess he don't know much about me, but he has heard of mother before."

"Yes, but I couldn't get him to tell anything about her. Fact is, he don't seem to like to talk much about her."

"Have you lived in the woods ever since you can remember?" asked the girl.

"No," was the prompt response. "I was born in some city, and left here by somebody."

"You don't know by whom? How strange that neither of us can tell how it is we came to live here!"

"Do you love this life?"

Miona was silent a few moments before she answered:

"Yes; but sometimes, when mother has told me of the cities and countries that are all over this beautiful world, I feel a longing to go and see them."

"So do I," said Ned, with compressed lips.

"I have a kind of faint memory of things very different from these, and I will tell you something, Miona, if you will keep it a secret."

"Of course I will."

"I don't intend to spend my life here. When I get to be a man—"

"Why, you are nearly a man now!" interrupted the girl, with a laugh.

"Do you think so?" asked Ned, delighted.

"Well, when I get to be a man I'm going to leave this place and see the world."

"I would do so, too, if I were you."

"And, Miona, why won't you go with me?"

"Oh! I can't leave mother," said the startled girl; "what would become of me? But I will try and coax her to go."



his tomahawk descended upon the skull of the doomed Indian, who sunk in his tracks and paid the fearful penalty of his remissness of duty.

In the hubbub and excitement Woo-wol-na did not lose his presence of mind. He knew that the fugitive could be at no great distance, and he gave orders for a dozen of his fleetest warriors to scatter and search the woods in every direction for him.

He suspected that the prisoner had outside help in making his escape, and he entered the Death Lodge himself and made a careful examination. The things lay upon the ground, and a glance showed that they had not been cut but gnawed in two.

He had given instructions to his men to bind the white man, so that he could not get his hands to his mouth, and he concluded at once that this precaution had been neglected and he had freed himself in this way.

The other two sentinels, dreading the displeasure of their chief, had taken care to scatter as soon as the alarm spread, so that this means of information was taken from him.

His next inquiry was regarding the Phantom Princess. She had been seen by a number early in the evening, but, upon repairing to her lodge, both she and her daughter were missing!

His soul filled with fury when he learned this, for he needed no stronger proof that it was through her connivance that the first and only victim had passed from this fated room without going to his death.

All inquiry could learn nothing further about her. No one had seen her within a few hours, and he had now only to rely upon his own cunning to frustrate her daring attempt to outwit him.

He stood for a moment in deep thought, and then he roused up ready to act.

Well aware of the marvelous skill of the princess in the use of her oar, he concluded that it would be called in requisition upon the present occasion. Somewhere, therefore, at no great distance up the river, she was now, or soon would be, with her charge.

Striding from the lodge, Woo-wol-na made his way to the shore, where several canoes were always lying. He was accompanied by a half-dozen of his trusted and tried warriors, and he still had strong hopes of success.

It was barely possible that the fugitives had gone down the stream; but as this course would have carried them further away from what must have been their destination, he did not believe that contingency probable enough to warrant any effort in that direction.

"Up-stream," said he, as he seated himself in the bow, "and row as best you can."

There were no "slouches" in the canoe, and the boat fairly skimmed over the surface of the river.

The moon was as clear and powerful as upon the preceding night, and the Indian boat shot out directly in the center, as though disdaining the current, which, in reality, was so slight as to cause scarcely any perceptible impediment.

For a half-mile the progress was continued in this manner, and then Woo-wol-na gave the word for the boat to turn near-shore, where the stream flowed more slowly.

His reason for doing this was, in the windings of the river there were many places where there was quite deep shadow, of which he wished to avail himself. If the whites were upon the river, and should discern their pursuers, and should find there was danger of their being overtaken, they could easily run in to shore, and so long as the darkness lasted could keep out of the way of all pursuers.

His wish, therefore, was to steal upon them, if possible, so as to intercept and prevent any such flank movement.

The Indians used their paddles with amazing strength and skill; nothing but the ripple of the water from the prow and the soft wash from their oars could be heard, as they glided along shore with such swiftness.

On, on they pressed, their muscles seeming never to tire. Several miles were passed and still nothing was seen or heard of the fugitives. Woo-wol-na leaned forward over the prow, his eagle eye piercing the gloom ahead, on the look out for the first indications of the parties for whom he was searching.

Ah! it would have gone ill with the Phantom Princess had she fallen into his power at this time.

His whole soul was aroused, and he was in that mood when helpless womanhood or youthful innocence would have appealed to his mercy in vain.

Fully a half-dozen miles were passed, and he still relaxed not his vigilance in the least.

"Woot!" He uttered the exclamation with such forceful suddenness that all the warriors stopped rowing on the instant. He explained by pointing ahead to where, near the center of the stream, and so far away as to be only dimly visible, the white canoe of the Phantom Princess was to be seen.

The next instant, the paddles were dipped deep, and the Indian canoe shot forward with a speed that seemed about to tear her in two. Great as was the skill of the woman, the chief was confident that his warriors could overtake her.

When Myra Bandman vanished so suddenly from the sight of the Hudson Bay trappers, who were pursuing her, it was only by one of her strokes no more skillful than the hundreds by which she kept beyond their reach all the time.

She was very close to the shore at the time, and growing weary of the race, she made a dextrous flit of her paddles that sent the canoe under the overhanging undergrowth like a flash, where it was concealed from any who might be passing within a few feet.

But Woo-wol-na was familiar with her stratagems, and there was no danger of his being deceived by any of them. His purpose was to keep them in view until they had approached near enough to send several rifle-shots after them, by which he hoped at least to so disable them as to render further flight useless.

They had gone some distance before the fugitives gave evidence of discovering their danger; then the race began in earnest, and as my readers are aware, the Phantom Princess carried her husband, daughter, Nick Whiffles and the dog, so that she was under such disadvantage that she could not call into play all her astonishing skill, and the race had not continued five minutes when it was evident that the Blackfeet were gaining quite rapidly.

Woo-wol-na was the first to see this, and he cheered his men to renewed exertions. They strained every muscle and gained faster and faster.

Just what the wary chief feared now took place. Instead of keeping in the middle of the river, where they were in plain view, the fugitives began making for the shore. With a howl of rage, the savage raised his rifle and fired. To his amazement it was answered from the canoe ahead, and the bullet sung rather uncomfortably close to his own head.

But the exertions of his men were not relaxed in the least. If possible, they toiled the harder, and turned aside as if to head off the approach of the whites to land.

The distance was too great to accomplish any thing by this maneuver, and to the chagrin of the Blackfeet, while they were watching the swan-like flight of the canoe, it flew under the shrubbery along shore and was lost to view.

But Woo-wol-na and his warriors had marked the point where it had disappeared, and they kept on straight toward it, shooting in under the bushes only a few moments behind.

But there was no boat visible. It had vanished as suddenly as when pursued by the trappers.

But Woo-wol-na knew what this meant. The instant she had landed, the light boat had been caught up in the grasp of her friends, who would probably carry it half a mile and then launch it again.

Very well; if they could do that, so could he. Not hoping to overtake her in the woods, or to tell at what precise point she would embark again, the Blackfeet made a rapid but wide detour through the forest, and coming back to the river at a point fully a mile above.

Here it was placed in the water again, and they paused and listened.

Nothing of the other boat was to be heard. "They will soon pass here!" said the chief; "we will wait for them."

Like a panther crouching under the bank and waiting for its victim, the five Indians lay in wait. Daylight broke and found them still there, but they waited, for Woo-wol-na knew that he was right, and his prey must sooner or later pass in front of him, where escape would be impossible.

Yes; he was right.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## "ALL UP!"

THE escape of Hugh Bandman from the Death Lodge of the Blackfeet was in accordance with the scheme of Nick Whiffles, and, as the reader has learned, succeeded perfectly.

He showed how well the pup Calamity performed his part, and how the prisoner followed him out at the very moment that he was directed to do so. Without looking to the right or left, he headed straight for the wood, where he was met by Nick, who whispered:

"Foller me, and don't make no noise."

The old trapper then headed toward the river, which was reached before the alarm of the Indians.

"I don't know how long they'll watch that burnin' punk," said he, as they paused on the edge of the river; "but it ain't likely they'll stay there long, and then there's a chance for a powerful difficulty. Here we are!"

As the last exclamation was uttered, they came upon the white canoe, in which Myra and her daughter were seated. In that moment, terrible from its anxiety, husband and wife embraced, and for an instant, and while it was only for an instant, and while Myra was wondering what it all meant, they took their seats in the canoe and shoved out from shore, Myra, as a matter of course, handling the paddle.

The weight in the boat was more than it was intended to carry, and it sunk alarmingly low in the water; but it was too late to rectify any error, and the devoted wife now called all her energies into play.

They had not gone far, when Nick saw that another serious oversight had been committed. The oar which the lady held in her hand was the only one in the boat. They ought to have had two more, at least, for him and Hugh, by which the speed of the canoe could have been doubled without difficulty. As it was, she insisted upon using it herself, so that they could do nothing but remain passive spectators.

"Do you think we shall be pursued?" asked Bandman, turning toward Nick, who was caressing Calamity, and praising him for the part he had performed.

"I don't think so—I know so," was the reply.

"It must be near morning, isn't it?"

"There be several good hours yet, in which we must do all we kin; do you know I feel mighty mean, to set here and see that woman use that paddle!"

"So do I, but how can we help it? But she will get tired of this after a while, and then she'll have to give us a chance—Hillo! what's that?"

It's the alarm at the village; they've found out you're off, and now the fun will begin."

Precisely where the fun came in was more than the rest of the party could see. With the first sound of the commotion, the Phantom Princess increased the speed of the canoe to the highest point.

This, as has already been said, was far less than her ordinary speed, on account of the unusual weight in the canoe.

There was little said, for every member of the company was deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation, and they felt that it was a time for deeds and not for talk.

When the lady had carried the canoe several miles, her husband insisted so strongly upon taking the paddle in hand that she consented, and he sent it forward with a speed fully equal to hers.

While this was going on, the watchful Nick was on the look-out for pursuers. He knew that while the Blackfoot warriors were scouring the woods in every direction, Woo-wol-na was too sharp to forget the river. He was sure to take that means of pursuit, and it behooved him to see that his friends were not stolen upon and recaptured.

Nick was feeling quite hopeful, when his heart gave one extra throb as he discerned a dark object far down the river which resembled a canoe. He scrutinized it several moments, until there could no longer be any doubt, when he announced his discovery.

"The varmints are coming, sure."

"Let me take the paddle, then," said Myra, with some alarm, as she reached out her hand for it.

"No, wife," he replied, without checking his labor in the least; "you have wonderful skill, but your arm is not as strong as mine, and I can carry this boat forward with as much speed as you."

"Oh, Heaven favor us!" she prayed, as she covered up her face, as if to shut out the sight of those who, after being so many years her friends, she now regarded as her bitterest enemies.

Nick Whiffles was watching the coming canoe as a cat watches a mouse. It did not take him long to see that the Indians were coming up "hand-over-hand," consequently there was no use in attempting to compete with them, when the result of the race was inevitable.

Certain of this, he said as much, and at his suggestion the canoe was headed toward shore. Seeing this, as has already been shown, the Blackfeet sent a spiteful shout after them.

"By gracious! that looks like business!" exclaimed Nick, as he sighted his gun in return. "I guess Woo-wol-na is in that boat, and he

doesn't feel much like palaverin' over this matter. I wouldn't give much for the hair of any of us if they catch us."

It was Nick who fired the return shot that came so startlingly near the Indians. He had no expectation and no wish to strike the pursuers, but it struck him that it might serve to show them that, if it should come to be a fight, there would be some of it done by both parties.

Reaching the shore, all sprung out at once, and Nick and Hugh caught up the boat by concert, and plunged into the woods with it.

Thus the suspicions of Woo-wol-na proved correct, for the fugitives were attempting the very stratagem of which I have spoken.

"I'll come back to the river about a half-mile up," said Nick, thus unconsciously running into the very trap that had been set for them.

This was done, they reaching the river at just about that distance from the starting-point. Here the boat was launched, and they all took their seats in it again.

They remained concealed, not wishing to put out until they could gather some idea of the locale of their enemies. They listened and watched, but saw and heard nothing. Calamity made a short reconnaissance through the surrounding woods, but he gave no indications of learning anything.

"It's beginning to get light in the east," said Bandman, who was quite impatient at the delay; "it seems to me we are losing very precious time."

"Go ahead," replied Nick, "but keep close to the shore, and be ready to dart under at any minute."

In this way they coasted along, until they had gone a good distance, and the sun was rising. Nick Whiffles had taken the paddle, and reaching a sharp point, he said:

"We'll go in here awhile and make a few observations."

As he spoke, he shot round the point, and Calamity gave a low growl.

"What is it, pup?" asked his master, in alarm.

A wall went up from Myra, as Woo-wol-na's canoe suddenly shot out, less than a dozen yards distant, and made straight for them.

Nick Whiffles saw that it was all up, and he made no attempt to escape!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 295.)

## FREEDOM'S MONUMENT.

BY EDWARD JAMESON.

Though 'tis most fitting there should be  
For the dead sons of Liberty  
A monument, to show the part  
They played to free her sacred heart  
And life from infamy and wrong,  
And these assaults of foemen strong,  
(Which ever tyrant under heaven  
Has made, since man from Eden driven,  
Has sought upon this fair, green earth,  
Where he might find a freer birth;  
There yet abide a nobler shrine  
Within the realms of the divine;  
Where Freedom's self in form appears,  
Her eyes wet with divinest tears,  
And bending as a suppliant low,  
She mourns her dead forever so.  
That unseen monument will stand  
Secure in that immortal land,  
Above the ravages of time  
Enduring, unharmed and sublime;  
While those we raise but briefly tell  
How gloriously they fought and fell;  
Then quickly into ruins fall,  
Forgot, alas! too soon by all.

## In a Panther's Den.

BY GEORGE W. BROWN.

"WAL, boys! I s'pose you ar' waitin' fur me," said Bill Hadley, as at the close of an other day, we seated ourselves around the fire, and called for the accustomed story.

"A little later in the season, five yurs ago, I was in the Apash kentry. An' arter a hard day's ride, I hed hatted by Canon Creek, a foot up Bill Williams' river. It was already gittin' quite dark, an' the sky war es black es ink, an' I knowed thar war goin' to be a hard rain; so I hurried up to get ready fur it. But I hed hardly picked out a campin'-place, an' got my hoss tethered, when I heard a loud war'-hoop from the bushes that grewed on the bank uv the creek 'bove me.

"The mimm! I heard that cry, I knowed thet it cum frum sum Apash Injuns concealed thar. Thet they meant to 'tack me, I didn't fur a minnit doubt. I hed seen sign uv 'em quite plenty that day; but I hed avoided 'em es much es possible, an' hed hoped to pass the night unmolested by 'em. But the Apash ar' the meanest uv all mean Injuns. They never 'tack eny one unless the chances ar' all on their side; an' will never meet in open fight, ef it can possibly be avoided. But they will go sneakin' through the bushes, stealin' yer hosses, an' killin' you while you sleep, not givin' ye a single chance fur yer life. Cuss 'em! I owe 'em a grudge, ennyway."

"When I seed I war goin' to be 'tacked by the sneekin' varmints, my first thought was to git to my hoss; but afore I cud do it, a cussed red skin jumped out uv the bushes, an' cut his fastenin's. 'Quit thet, you cussed devil!' I shouts, an' ups my rifle, an' blazes away, knockin' him over quick."

Afore I cud git enny furdur, howsumever, the red-skins all leaped from their cover, sendin' in their arrows round my head like hailstones. My hoss give one snort, an' then, I seed him dash right through the red-skins, out inter the woods beyond. Es the hoss rushed through 'em, the red-skins jumped back each way to let him pass, none thinkin' uv ketchin' him in the excitement. Thet made a sort uv openin' through 'em, an' I knowed thet then war my time, ef ever. So clubbin' my rifle, I rushed through the gap, smashin' the head uv more than one Apash, thet kem within reach uv me. But es the varmints war not expectin' my suddint 'tack, I cleared inter the woods, afore they hed hardly struck a blow."

Es soon as I got into the woods, I knowed thet I sh'dn't hev much trouble uv gittin' away frum the red-skins; es it war quite dark then, an' the sky war blacker than ever. But I w'dn't do fur me to stand still a second, so I kept movin' down through the woods es fast es I cud."

"The last mile thet I hed cum that day, I hed noticed thet the kentry hed kept growin' wilder an' rougher, es I rode along; an' so it was thet night. The furdur I went the rougher it growed, till it got so thet I w'dn't hev bin hardly safe fur a man to hev gone along in the daytime—much more in a night like thet."

"It hed got to be so dark thet I cudn't see my hand afore me; an' to make thet thing wuss, big drops uv rain hed commenced to fall. By the aid uv the lightning thet w'd streak across the heavens every now an' then, I managed to git along a little; but keepin' a sharp lookout at every flash, to find sum shelter to git under till the rain sh'd git over. The red-skins hed gone out of hearin', an' I felt thar was no more danger frum 'em."

"I hed given up the idee uv goin' enny furdur, an' hed leaned uv 'gainst a big rock to git out uv the rain, thet war then kemin' down thick an' fast, es much es possible, when thar kem another flash of lightning, brighter than enny I hed seen, an' es it lit up the surroundin' place, I seed, but at short distance ahead, what looked like the mouth uv a cave. I thought thet it would be a good place to git out uv the rain, so when the next flash uv lightning kem I went fur it, an' managed to reach it, though I kem nigh runnin' off a precipice, thet war right in frunt uv it. But I hed got thar, an' thought I war all right."

"I found the cave bigger than I expected, an' by stoopin' a leetle I cud walk in so es to git wholly out uv the rain. This I hed done, an' war 'bout to sit down, so es to take it fair an' easy, when I heard a low growl, jest ahead uv me. Then, es I quickly looked in thet direction, I seed two bright spots, thet looked like two balls uv fire. The mimm! I seed 'em spout war-painter's eyes, an' thet I hed run into a painter's den!"

"My first thought, arter diskiverin' the painter, was to slip out an' git away without 'sturbin' him; but the fast move I made he gived another fierce growl, an' I cud hear him lash his tail, though it war so dark thet I cud see nothin' but his eyes. Ef it hed bin light, I sh'dn't hev cared much fur him, but thar in the dark, an' on thet onsertin' footin' I didn't care to tackle him. I hed neglected to rebaid my rifle arter my scrimmage with the Injuns, so I hed only my knife to work with. An' under the circumstances I concluded thet the easiest way I cud git 'long with the painter was the best. So, with my right hand upon the handle uv my knife, ready fur instant use, I fixed my eyes straight upon the painter's, an' stood thar perfectly still, all thet night, waitin' fur daylight to come."

"I tell ye, boys, thet war a tedious night's watch. The storm hed up 'bout midnight, but it warn't light enuff fur me to see ennythin' in the cave. Every time it thundered, I expected the painter w'd spring upon me. But he didn't do it. An' es soon es it kem light, so thet I cud see, I gripped my knife, handle with a firm hold, an' bracin' myself fur the shock, I shook my fist right in the painter's face."

"Thet ar' painter warn't long in 'ceptin' my challenge, but crouchin' low one instant, the next, he bounded through the air straight fur me. But I war ready fur him, an' put my knife up to the handle in the brute's breast; an' then, I stepped aside, to let the critter pass. An' he did pass, too, with a vengeance, goin' right over the precipice, in his headlong course. But it war jest es well fur me. I hed got rid uv him, an' thet war enuff."

"When I hed got a leetle rested, arter my bresh with the painter, I worked my way down to whar he lay, an' got most enuff to last me a couple uv days. Then I went back to the place whar I hed intended to camp thet night afore, hev'n' made up my mind to strike the trail uv the Apashes, an' foller on arter 'em, an' try an' git back my hoss. Howsumever, I war saved thet job by findin' him, afore I hed gone a great ways. He hed kept out uv the way uv the red-skins, an' by so doin', hed saved me a good deal uv trouble. Quickly mountin' him, I left thar at once. Not knowin' but thet the sneekin' Apashes might be skulkin' in the bushes, I kept my eyes peeled fur 'em; but I seed nothin' uv 'em. An' I got away none the wuss fur my night's adventure. But es long es I live, I shall never furgit thet dark, stormy night I spent in thet narrer cave, standin' in a cramped position, watchin' a painter's eyes."

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## TWENTY YEARS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Another log put on the fire, and fetch your cheer up here.  
For since you promised to obey to-night it's twenty years.  
It's twenty years ago, my wife, since the parson made us one,  
And we've had more quarrels and things like that than any under the sun.

You're a bigger woman than I am, wife, and you rather held your own  
Whenever you got your dandruff up and brought the broomstick down.  
I've evacuated these premises sometimes in hasty haste  
When I crossed you in a syllable—I had no time to waste.

We've lived together for twenty years and fought most all the way,  
And I've had to be very particular of everything I'd say.  
And I've ever made a mistake in grammar and call you a fool,  
You never failed to exhibit your grit, good wife, as a general rule.

Your affectionate arm has encircled my neck full many times and oft,  
But the way your hands caressed my hair was anything but soft;  
And you have bitten my ears in such a tender and loving way,  
That they have almost been chawed off, I'm very sorry to say.

I always strived to be good to you, and it didn't take you long  
To make me thoroughly comprehend when I was doing wrong.  
The skillet would bring a presentiment that all things wasn't right,  
And I'd never stop for my hat to get out of your reach and sight.

Good wife, you needn't be afraid; draw a little closer your cheer,  
You know I never would hurt you; put down that shovel, my dear!  
I'm willing to-night to admit that I was half in the wrong  
In every fuss we have had as through life we went along.

I'll acknowledge half of the fault to-night—now, wife, please don't be rash,  
Quit! stop! cease! for mercy sake, there goes the table to smash!  
That shovel! Oh, Lord! I beg your pard—my head! there goes the light!  
It was every bit my fault; ouch, where is the door! good-night!

## What a "Bohemian" Saw

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

SOMETHING very strange happened to Aleck Drew, something very distressing to Olivia Wilder.

Mr. Drew was walking very briskly over a lonely country road, all his earthly equipments in the little bundle which hung from his stick over one shoulder, the very essence of light-heartedness somehow conveyed in the merry tone he was whistling, the clear notes of which penetrated far into the surrounding solitudes. All persons would not have been merry under his present circumstances, but Aleck was a philosopher as well as a genius.

He had been recently engaged as reporter upon a leading local newspaper, but a tendency to substitute imaginary sensations for actual incidents had led to a sharp reprimand from the proprietor, whereupon Mr. Drew threw up the position in disgust, and, having already overdrawn his salary, left his trunk in liquidation of a fortnight's board, and trudged out of the country town without a dollar in his pocket. His destination was another large town some miles ahead of him, where he fancied he might turn his Bohemian talents to some account, for, in addition to his late attempt in a reportorial capacity, he had been at various intervals of his five-and-twenty years of life artist, actor, musician, lecturer, and if he had achieved no very brilliant success, he was what is called "clever" in each and every line.

It was within half an hour of sunset, and the sky was full of ominous, copper-colored clouds, the heavy air was portentous of brooding storm, but, notwithstanding this and the distance he had yet to traverse, Mr. Drew halted suddenly in his line of march. It was only a wildly picturesque scene which attracted his artist eye, and in a moment he had out pencils and Bristol board, and was sketching in bold outline a study for future more careful delineation. There was a turbulent little river, fringed by a forest of ragged pines, through a break in which a flood of that ruddy light streamed down and ensanguined it, while bluff upon bluff rose away in the background. The artist himself was ensconced in a sheltered nook, and never observed how those lurid clouds were driving and darkening through the sky until the boisterous wind currents swept downward and caught the tops of the forest trees and lashed them desperately. All in a moment, as it were, the river seemed to be running up-stream in short, chopping waves, the intermittent gusts came harder with each succeeding one, and a sound of carriage wheels grinding the gravel rose suddenly on one of the calmer intervals. In the next an excited voice was borne upon the wind:

"Make those horses fly if you can, Brinley. Why, only think of it, man! Three years absent from my wife, and left her on our wedding-day. No wonder I can scarcely wait to get home again."

"It was a strange thing that she ceased hearing from you so suddenly."

Looking out from his perch, Aleck could distinctly see the open carriage, with its two occupants, being slowly driven up the incline which the road followed; one a young, wiry fellow, bronzed and bearded, the other a thick-set, middle-aged man, who held the reins in one hand and had the other thrust beneath his coat.

"I tell you there is some villainy at work. And by the living Lord! if I ever unearth the scoundrel who is at the bottom of it he shall be made to suffer."

"You think you will unearth him?"

"Every moment I can spare from setting up her father's business shall be devoted to that end. We will have a balance-sheet drawn and close up the accounts of the firm, as you will undoubtedly wish to withdraw."

"What has given you that impression, Mr. Wilder?"

"I think, in consideration of all this underhand work, you will find it expedient to do so, sir."

"Meaning, you suspect me?"

"Meaning that, exactly."

"Humph! Glad it's none of my quarrel," muttered Drew, noting the fierce looks of the two men as they faced each other. Next instant he sprang to his feet, and then dropped back weak and trembling, sick from the sight which met his eyes. Like a flash Brinley had brought his hand from beneath his coat and fired two shots; simultaneously with the movement the other threw up his arm and fell backward, half in the vehicle, half out of it, his bronzed face turned suddenly ghastly, and with a great red stain upon his forehead, and blood trickling from his hair. For a moment the unseen observer sat there, powerless to

move; in that moment the murderer jumped to the ground, and, dragging the body free of the carriage, tumbled it without ceremony down the steep bank into the river. Then he was back in the seat again, whipping his horses to a terrific speed, which carried them and him over the hill and out of sight as the clouds opened and the first burst of heavy rain came down. It acted upon Drew like a powerful restorative. Without stopping to think he stripped off his boots and coat, and, taking a short run, plunged head first down the steep, and was battling with the strong current of the foaming little river as the last lurid glare from the west was suddenly obscured, and darkness fell like a pall over all the scene.

One week later Olivia Wilder was walking her parlor up and down, her sable dress trailing over the deep, rich tints of the carpet, a flush on her cheeks and a light in her eyes, such as had not been seen there for months before. That radiant look struck a visitor who was entering unannounced with unaffected surprise, and held him transfixed, with a gleam leaping into his own pale eyes, glowing and exultant. She saw him as she turned and took a few steps that way.

"Come in, Mr. Brinley. I was expecting you. Be seated, please." With a wave of her hand she indicated a chair, and herself sunk into one opposite. You have brought the books, I see?

"You will go over the accounts?" he asked.

"I trust I see you better than when I was here last, Mrs. Wilder."

"You see me in a healthier frame of mind, and I will let you explain the business to me. I find it hard to understand how my father's affairs could have become so embarrassed as you say."

"Through unwise speculations at home and unaccountable transactions of the branch house in San Francisco; mainly due to the latter," explained Mr. Brinley, smoothly. "You will see by the entries what a draft upon our resources that enterprise proved. Pardon me; the subject, I know, is a painful one, but it is necessary it should be discussed. Don't blame me, please; I cannot alter facts."

Mrs. Wilder picked up a screen from the table to shade her face, and he could see that her hand trembled.

"It is all true?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Tell me once more—all the worst."

"Is it necessary to distress you by repeating it?"

"Well, then, from the result of my private inquiries, it appears that the branch house was badly mismanaged from the first. So badly that I can account for it only by the supposition of deliberate fraud. Its close was disastrous. The credit of the house here was saved by the use of my private fortune, as I have already told you. For the rest, I have taken all possible precautions to hush every breath of scandal which may have got afloat. The loss of the 'Sea Foam' on her way to India is connected in but few minds with the recent mysterious disappearance of Mark Wilder. But for the chance recognition of him by an acquaintance among the outward bound passengers, and the fact since elicited that he sailed under an assumed name, even we might still be uncertain of his fate. As it is, all doubt is set at rest."

"In your mind," said the lady in a still, suppressed way. "But you were always cruelly prejudiced against my husband."

"Your husband was a defaulter; he betrayed his trust shamefully; worse than all he deserted you; but he is beyond the reach of earthly vengeance at the bottom of the Pacific. I thank heaven for it."

Again the white hand holding the screen trembled visibly.

"It was due to you that he was transferred to that position," she said, presently. "Due to you that we were separated upon our marriage day."

"It was. When a clerk from the house married the senior's daughter, it was no more than right that he should be admitted as a partner. That opening seemed felicitous. Do me the justice to remember that your father's ill-health and his unwillingness to spare you caused the separation. I have always wondered at his sudden resolve which ended in having the ceremony performed; it would have spared you something had you remained only engaged."

"What?" The hand-screen went down, and she looked across at him with an unfathomable expression in her deep, dusk eyes.

"The disgrace of bearing that name, for one thing."

"It is so very great then? Must the stain of another's sin reflect upon me?"

"Not in my eyes," he cried, eagerly. "To me you must always be purer than the angels; but it is an uncharitable world. You, blameless, would have to suffer if I knew all. It never shall know from me, but, if the time ever comes—there is one way to fling off the first taint of reproach—with the name."

He spoke hesitatingly, choosing his words carefully, impassioned, yet fearing to say too much. Mrs. Wilder had no desire to tempt further expression from him who had been once a rejected suitor of her own.

"The books now, if you please," she said, shortly.

He bowed and turned to bend over them.

"How she has changed in this brief time," he thought, exultingly. "A woman's love will never survive disgrace in its object; that stroke has told. It was horrible work, but I shall have my reward. A man might well dare perdition for her."

"I have prepared a summary which will answer our present purpose. I will leave the books for you to examine at leisure."

The summary was a startling array of figures, by which it was made evident to even an undisciplined feminine mind that Mr. Brinley had lost some twenty thousand dollars through the misfortunes of the senior and the criminality of the junior partners in the firm. Now that they were both gone, and she left beggared, how would that amount of money ever be repaid?

She turned away from inspecting the paper abruptly, and opened a leaf of the folding-doors which divided the double parlors.

"Mark, dear!" she called. At that name, at the changed, tender voice in which it was spoken, Mr. Brinley looked wonderingly up.

"Come here and tell me how this account tallies with yours. And tell him that wherever the merited disgrace may fall, I am, and always will be, proud of bearing your name. It is just possible the reason papa hurried our marriage was that he foresaw dimly a time when I might need a husband's protection against the diabolical scheming of such a wretch as that."

With pale, face, and dilating eyes the schemer sprang to his feet. "Mark, dear," had appeared and stood now by her side. She clasped her hands over his arm, and turned a scornful glance upon the baffled, frightened, doubtful villain.

"Well, sir," spoke the new-comer, sharply; "have you any thing to say for yourself?"

The other started forward excitedly.

"Who are you? Not Mark Wilder; I'll take my oath on that. This is some impostor, Mrs. Wilder, not your husband. Why, look at the man; you surely can not be deceived by him."

"Yes, look at me, Olivia, and answer him." "He is my husband whom you have falsely maligned, wickedly traduced."

"If you still doubt it, here are proofs. Here is the balance-sheet of my branch which was closed without any disastrous effect to the firm. Here is your last letter to me, inquiring the exact date of my return. Here also are the papers left in Olivia's charge by her father to be delivered to me. And here," springing forward and seizing the summary, "is a proof of the contemptible weakness of your plot. This would never deceive any one but a woman, but it has not deceived my wife. My own papers have had a wetting, but you will find them authentic."

Still Brinley stared, aghast but incredulous.

"In Heaven's name, who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Mark Wilder, I tell you," quite imperturbably. "If you have your own doubts still, perhaps you had better drag the river just below the bluffs, and see if you find me there. Men have escaped as imminent dangers as drowning with a bullet-grazed head before now, I dare say. There is the door, Mr. Brinley; I will see you elsewhere to-morrow."

"And I will see you, sir! Whoever you may be, you are no more Mark Wilder than I am."

In his own mind he was convinced of it, but how could he brand him as an impostor without bringing about the exposure of his own guilt, while Olivia acknowledged him? How the thought galled him, after separating her from her true husband, after weaving a mesh which he thought secure about her, to be balked now by a sharper scoundrel than himself!

He was at the business house betimes next morning, but his antagonist was there before him. No one but Holmes, the cashier, witnessed the interview.

"This an impostor?" cried Holmes, in amazement, as the resident partner broke out in violent accusation. "Why, bless you, sir; this is young Mark Wilder, no other. I ought to know. I was here when Mark came in as errand-boy, and I saw him work his own way up; ay, and I saw him married to Miss Olivia with my own eyes."

"Is all the world mad, or is it that I am?" Brinley asked himself, despairingly. "Shall I throw up the game and make off with the funds? No; I'll not be beaten so."

"Too late for that had he desired it, for Holmes' eye was upon him now."

A week, two weeks passed, and Brinley's sullen brow began to clear, his despondent manner to brighten. One day he presented himself at the Wilder residence with a tightly buttoned-up person in citizen's dress by his side, and the two were admitted together.

"Tell Mrs. Wilder what you know of this person, Hart," said Mr. Brinley, triumphantly.

"Well, ma'am, I've seen him tricked out in another sort of rig playing Othello, in this very town. I've made sure of it since I've been watching him for these three days back. Name of Drew, and it's a clear case of gammon the gent's been playing now."

"A clear case of something worse. Detective Hart, do your duty. Arrest this man for the murder of Mark Wilder. The evidence is that he is in possession of Wilder's effects, and the mysterious disappearance of the latter warrants the presumption of a murder."

"Don't trouble yourself, please," said a voice at his back. "I relieve you from carrying the burden of my identity further, Drew. Your make-up is very good, but not quite so convincing as the ghost of myself, I fancy."

Brinley wheeled. He saw a very pale, rather thin gentleman, with an ugly scar just grazing his temple and plowing its way through his short, curly hair.

Needless to say that the arrest for murder was not made. The little comedy was played to the end, but it had not been without an object; namely, to hold the managing partner in check until Wilder was sufficiently recovered from his wound—a serious one—to take the business in hand for himself. Holmes, of course, was a party to the affair. Mr. Brinley made a mysterious disappearance on his own account immediately after it, and when Drew painted his successful "River Scene" it was bought at his own price, and afterward graced the drawing-room of his good friends, the Wilders.

"But the end came, or rather the exposure, for the end came some time after, when, one morning, the alarm was given that three of the finest horses in the settlement were missing, and with them the gay Mr. Frank Johnson."

"But it shortly appeared that he was not the only one who failed to appear when called that day."

"Another young man, an intimate companion of Johnson was absent, as was also Lucy Markham. You can well believe that there was considerable excitement in Bear Grass settlement that day."

"Two companies of young men, four in one and half a dozen in the other, were instantly assembled, one to search back into the interior, and the other to cross the river at the falls and scour the Indiana side."

Young Markham and his three companions crossed the river, following a half-obliterated trail, it having rained very hard the night before, which they believed to be that left by the fugitives.

"Upon the other side the same trail was found, and in pursuing this they soon came upon positive proof that they were on the right track."

"At the top of a steep bank, having just crossed a creek, they found a small piece of saddle-girth, which one of the young men recognized as his own."

"The strap had broken while the horse was straining up the steep bank, and the piece had been cut away to permit of mending the remainder."

"This was enough, and with whip and spur the young regulators pressed on after the thieves."

"Night was falling when from a ridge, where they halted a moment to rest their horses, one of the party discovered and pointed out a solitary cabin perched upon the side of a hill away off to their right."

"The building was so far off the road that Markham doubted if the fugitives would stop there, but, wishing to be certain, he with one companion turned off to examine it, while the other two pushed on the more direct road. If they were not overtaken in two hours they were to return."

"Half an hour's ride brought young Markham within a few hundred yards of the cabin, and here dismounting and securing their horses, the two advanced, cautiously, until they stood under the shadow of its overhanging roof. There was no light whatever about the building, but the sound of voices within informed the watchers that the place was inhabited."

"While deliberating what course to pursue, the sharp click of steel upon flint struck their ears, and a moment after, a bright light flashed up and penetrated without through many cracks in the badly-chinked walls."

"Quick as thought, Markham applied his eye to one of these, sprung back with a muttered oath, and quickly cocked his rifle."

"They are there!" he whispered, hoarsely. "Look!" and he gave place to his companion."

"As the young man had said, the party they were seeking were there."

"Johnson was seated upon a rickety chair, with Miss Markham resting upon his knee, while the other man was stooping before the fireplace, kindling the faggots placed therein."

a hand's turn at anything. All she would do was to fix herself as fine as possible, and with idle hands set at the window all day and growl at the hard luck that had overtaken them."

"The Markhams had been in their new place for nearly two years, when some other families came out and located around, and before long there was a store put up at the cross-roads, and soon after that others came, until quite a settlement had sprung up in Bear Grass Creek."

"Among the last lot that came was a young man, and a handsome fellow he was, too, who claimed to hail from some of the big cities down East, I forget which, and as he appeared to have plenty of money, dressed in a way never seen before out there, and was powerful attentive to all the gals in the neighborhood, he soon came to be a great favorite among them."

"But he didn't take well with the older people. His ways wasn't like theirs, besides which he was too fond of laying around the store, idling away the time and drinking the whisky that Davis, the storekeeper, got from passing flatboats."

"From the very first day when Frank Johnson, as he said his name was, came into the settlement, he took a great shine at Lucy Markham, and as that young female took no pains to hide how much she was pleased at it, they very soon came to be always together, and by and by it got whispered that they were engaged to be married."

"About this time a great excitement arose over the loss of three or four fine horses, which a Colonel Thorn had fetched over the mountains. The animals were taken out of his stable one night, and though some of the best trailers on the border set off in pursuit, they never succeeded in running them to earth, and so they were lost."

"Three weeks after this, and just when the excitement was about dying out, two more horses were missed, and never could be found. All this time there was no one suspected, that is, no one about the settlement."

"It was either white men from further back in the interior, or else it was the red-skins from 'tother side of the river."

"Another spell of quiet ensued, no horses being missed for nearly six months, and people began to think that they had seen the end of it."

"During this time Frank Johnson was courting Lucy Markham day and night, and though the old folks were terribly opposed to it, it only served to make matters worse."

"The brother, too, set his face against the match, and once when much angered, swore that he would lay the girl before she should marry a horse-thief. This was the first intimation that any one suspected Johnson, but the opinion having been once started, you know what the result would be."

"Before night it was rumored all over the settlement that Johnson was undoubtedly the thief who had been deprecating so extensively of late."

"It was a terribly dangerous accusation to make in them days, and when, that very night, young Markham was called on by a party of settlers to state his reasons for making the charge, he was compelled to own up that he had no grounds save his own suspicions, and so had to back down on his own words."

"Johnson of course heard of it, but, strange to say, at least it was thought strange then, he took no notice of the insult."

"He was forbidden the house of the Markhams under a threat of being shot if caught on the premises, and, to all appearances, the intimacy between Lucy and himself ceased."

"But, such was not the case, by any means. Johnson was a sharp, as well as an unscrupulous villain, and he played his cards so well that even the vigilant brother was completely deceived."

"But the end came, or rather the exposure, for the end came some time after, when, one morning, the alarm was given that three of the finest horses in the settlement were missing, and with them the gay Mr. Frank Johnson."

"But it shortly appeared that he was not the only one who failed to appear when called that day."

"Another young man, an intimate companion of Johnson was absent, as was also Lucy Markham. You can well believe that there was considerable excitement in Bear Grass settlement that day."

"Two companies of young men, four in one and half a dozen in the other, were instantly assembled, one to search back into the interior, and the other to cross the river at the falls and scour the Indiana side."

Young Markham and his three companions crossed the river, following a half-obliterated trail, it having rained very hard the night before, which they believed to be that left by the fugitives."

"Upon the other side the same trail was found, and in pursuing this they soon came upon positive proof that they were on the right track."

"At the top of a steep bank, having just crossed a creek, they found a small piece of saddle-girth, which one of the young men recognized as his own."

"The strap had broken while the horse was straining up the steep bank, and the piece had been cut away to permit of mending the remainder."

"This was enough, and with whip and spur the young regulators pressed on after the thieves."

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"As the young man had said, the party they were seeking were there."

"Johnson was seated upon a rickety chair, with Miss Markham resting upon his knee, while the other man was stooping before the fireplace, kindling the faggots placed therein."

"Johnson was in high glee, and was laughing over the complete success, as he thought, that had attended his venture, but Miss Markham, who knew her brother better than either of the others, was evidently very uneasy and watchful."

"For fully five minutes young Markham did not speak, but stood leaning upon his rifle as though in deep thought."

"Presently he leaned forward, and after whispering a word in his companion's ear, again approached the crevice in the wall."

"The position of the parties within had materially changed. Miss Markham had arisen and was standing upon the further side of the fireplace. Johnson was also on his feet, and he and his companion were standing side by side in front of the fire, earnestly talking."

"The quick eye of young Markham noted the positions."

"They were in direct range, and instantly the heavy rifle was silently protruded through the opening, a quick aim taken, and before I had fully realized what were his intentions, the sharp report rung out, and the two victims were prostrate upon the floor of the cabin."

"The ball had sped truly, striking Johnson fairly in the throat, passing through and into the brain of the other man, who was slightly shorter in stature than the first."

"I shall never forget the shriek that gal gave, nor her frenzy when she realized what had struck the blow."

"We left the two horse-thieves where they had fallen, and carried the gal back home, where, after a time, she recovered, and finally married well."

"So," said I, "you were an eye-witness, General, to this terrible retribution?"

"I had not intended to say so. I dislike, even to this day, to admit that I was an actor in it, but it may serve to show you how differently such things were managed in those days from what they are now."

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

And now sweet summer dies;  
Ah, me! to think of all the golden hours  
We passed, when first to life she sprung,  
And strewed our pathway with her choicest flowers  
And lulled us with the magic of her tongue,  
That whispered in the breeze, or louder sang  
As Philomel, till every fiber awoke  
In rapturous pleasure known but to the young;  
Such happy past remembrance, who but sighs  
For summer, vanishing, to soon she dies.

But some say wherefore weep?  
Summer returns. True, but not this, not this;  
Granted, the earth may wake again  
To life and beauty, neath the ardent kiss  
Of yet another, which shall reign  
Lavish of fruits and flowers and blessed grain,  
Now nurtured with her smile, now with her hair;  
But for this summer we shall grieve in vain:  
Once dead, forever dead; the days of yore,  
To hearts that ache with longing, come no more.

No skies will be so bright,  
At least to us, who gazed on those of June;  
Behold the west with light aflame;  
Then wait for the rising of the moon;  
That later like a saintly spirit came,  
No fairer morn the glowing east will claim,  
Nor rouse the lark to spread Aurora's fame;  
What future summer can be the same?  
Of all that wait our mortal path to cheer,  
What equal to the past, what half so dear?

And therefore do we mourn  
Out of our life the sweetest chapter done;  
The very fairest page gone by.  
There could not be a happier one  
Though we are aged ere we come to lie  
In death's embraces; be he far or nigh.  
We always must remember, you and I,  
These halcyon days departed, brief as bright—  
This summer which is dying as I write.

Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN we see a man mistaking a toll-gate pole for an old-fashioned well, we think he has had more to drink than he needs.

I ALWAYS wore patches on my pants when a boy, for, between my father, and my mother, and the teacher, my pants wouldn't last long.

AN astronomer says the world is to come to an end in 6,900 years. I now make this a pressing pretext when I go to settle up with a debtor.

WHENEVER I come across a snake, my first instinct is to run; my next is to run faster; the next to increase the speed; and the next is not to slack up a bit for a week.